

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3435 — VOL. CXXVI.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

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KINGLY COURTESY: THE KING LEADING THE QUEEN FROM THE ROYAL DAIS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AFTER THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Nothing becomes the King so well in his Parliamentary appearances as the regal courtesy which he displays towards his Consort as he escorts her to and from the royal dais.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

What a blessed thing it is that, in a democratic country, where men are supposed to have a taste for progress, or, at any rate, for moving on from one set of ideas to another, there should always be stalwart champions of the Constitution! In America, where they have written authority for the machinery of government, you may observe the Senate maintaining its lawful prerogatives against the revolutionary President. That impatient man wants to shorten the procedure of treaty-making, and the Senate has to rebuke him for that unconstitutional doctrine. The Americans are most ingenious in the devising of labour-saving appliances; but these must not touch the Senate. The labour that the Senators delight in physics tedium; it also physics treaties. Here we have a battle about the meaning of the Constitution in regard to General Elections. Ought a Minister to dissolve Parliament to oblige an Opposition confident of victory? Does the Septennial Act mean that a Parliament may last seven years even if the country should give various tokens that it does not agree with the majority in the House of Commons? The subject ought to inspire the Procurator of the Holy Synod to issue a manifesto to the Russian people. "Look at America, look at England," he might say, "and see what comes of having a Constitution. When the misguided have got this precious ikon of the West, they do naught but quarrel about it!"

This week the House of Commons has clamoured against the despotic Minister who defies the will of the people, or against the despotic people who would destroy the safeguards of the Constitution. A few nights ago I listened to Mr. Max Beerbohm's clamour against the despotism which keeps an eternal glossiness on theatrical costume. He has a passion for old clothes. It offends him to the soul to see the crease in the actor-manager's trousers for ever new; he would like them baggy at the knees. He has no sympathy with the joy of the actress in her new frock, or with the flutter of envy the sight of it sends through the women in the audience. I recall a night when the curtain rose on a cut-throat den in mediæval Paris. Instead of being dark and noisome, it was brilliantly lighted; the furniture was spick and span; the cut-throats were fresh from the tailor and the wigmaker; nothing could be more decorous and becoming than their outer man. As a picture of the insanitary state of old Paris, the scene was a failure. It was clear that the elaborate toilet of the players would have been as absurd in the eyes of the old Parisian as it was to Max Beerbohm. But how are you to make illusion perfect on the stage by neglecting drainage, proscribing soap, and wearing unfumigated rags? We have to accept ignominious compromises between art and realism. In a French paper somebody protests against the incongruity of setting up the statue of a philosopher in his armchair at a point in the tramway system of Paris where nobody in an armchair would be tolerated by the police. If it comes to that, even the composure of a philosopher would not be equal to a fixed posture in the open air night and day, without shelter, without even an umbrella.

To be quite consistent, we ought to take our statues home at night and put them to bed. It seems, however, that the Parisian critic objects chiefly to the trousers of statues, though, as a rule, they are baggy enough to satisfy Max Beerbohm. In the native town of some French poet, the custodians of the public library have put a bust of him in a niche in the wall, with a drinking fountain just below. "How charming!" says the critic. "No ridiculous garments; no impossible armchairs near the tramway lines; just a pensive face gazing into the basin!" But is there no incongruity between the basin and the bust? Would a poet, with only a head and shoulders, be content to gaze for ever at urchins guzzling from the public tap? Would he not clamour for limbs and trousers, new trousers, and a pedestal? I see a poster on the hoardings announcing an exhibition of motor-cars. It is a picture of a motor-car, driven by a chauffeur who looks like Mephistopheles, and is accompanied by a lady in the airiest costume, wringing her hands with despair or clasping them with rapture. Some critic is sure to point out that no woman would go motoring in that attire, or choose a chauffeur with that complexion. But symbolic advertisement is as debatable as the Constitution.

None will say that the power of illusion is lacking to the spirited foreigner who proposes to set up a bit of modern Paris in the Strand. He dreams of gardens, of open-air cafés, of shops roofed for a promenade, of a theatre devoted to French art. He sees Briton and Gaul, sitting over the harmless "bock" of a summer night, capping compliments to their respective nations, and swearing eternal fealty to the Entente Cordiale. Deceitful summer nights of ours; can they be trusted to respect that illustrious compact? Or will they rain derisive soot? I am

sanguine enough to think that the climate would play its part fairly enough, whatever might be the fortunes of the theatre and the shops. That the garden, with music in it, would be a delight, who will deny, save the timid souls that take fright at every project for brightening the life of the town? In any scheme which would make us deviate from the plain dullness of the Strand pavement they see Cremona and orgies. A street is safe because there is no temptation to linger; and if you linger the police move you on, but a garden, and a band, and a café are the ministers of luxurious indolence, and cannot be sanctioned by any public body which has the welfare of the community at heart.

The unsophisticated British visitor in Paris views with concern the recklessness of the natives, who sit at little tables on the boulevards, neglecting their affairs for the sake of chatter. He does not know that the average Parisian works much harder than the average Londoner, and arranges his life so rationally that he can afford to take relaxation in the afternoon, and exchange ideas with his neighbours. Would the garden and the cafés in Aldwych disorganise the business of the Law Courts, and demoralise the Temple? The gentlemen in wigs and gowns you meet in Middle Temple Lane, hastening to chambers for a sandwich and a glass of sherry, would they be found instead lounging in a café, listening to the band, forgetful of the clients who had paid enormous fees? Perhaps the Judges would adjourn for luncheon with the iniquitous purpose of finishing the afternoon at the French theatre. Perhaps my Editor, forsaking the chaste seclusion of 198, Strand, will join the giddy carnival in Aldwych; and perhaps, when I meet him there, he will point out that nothing but the desire to correct my erring footsteps could have urged him to the spot.

The idea of honouring Shakspeare with a conventional statue seems to have been abandoned; and we are to have instead a Shakspeare House, wherein any statutory will take its humble place in a Pantheon. A theatre, a library, and a lecture-hall will be comprised in this memorial, which ought to be an imposing piece of architecture. I am cheered by the thought that in the lecture-hall Mr. Bernard Shaw will have the opportunity of holding forth against the Bard, for the Trustees, I presume, will not give the Procurator of the Holy Synod occasion to mock by denying freedom of speech. Mr. Shaw, by the way, has vented his contempt on the "seven ages" speech in "As You Like It." Strange to say, Mr. Shaw does not see that Shakspeare, who was a mediocre actor, wrote the part of Jacques for himself, and put in that speech as the sort of thing he could spout with some effect. Moreover, being a far-seeing man, he had a forecast of the whole brood of reciters, and knew that the "seven ages" would suit their simple wants. The infant mewling and puking in its nurse's arms, the boy creeping unwillingly to school, and the lover sighing like a furnace, were chosen as objects adapted to the elocutionary use of the young of both sexes. Shakspeare was not thinking of Mr. Shaw, or he would not have mentioned the soldier seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, for Mr. Shaw, in "Arms and the Man," which far transcends any work of Shakspeare's, has shown that the cannon's mouth and the soldier are total strangers.

Women in Paris are projecting a club, on the model, no doubt, of those cheerful institutions which fill Dover Street with gossip and the tinkle of tea-spoons. But the Paris club is to be something more than a haven after the fatigues of shopping and the vexations of the household. It is to serve as an organism for putting pressure on the arbitrary husband. "He will be made to realise that he is dealing not only with one particular woman, usually very quiet and submissive, but with the whole body of club women, behind whose skirts his timid spouse finds courage and resistance." I suppose she will state her case to the committee, who will pass a resolution, to be communicated to the husband, together with a neat report of the fiery speeches.

In Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play, "Mollentrave on Women," Mr. Mollentrave remarks complacently that his great work with that title has given Dover Street a proverb: "To be Mollentraved is to be found out." This shows how little our women's clubs have ruffled the equanimity of the British husband. He regards them with amusement as places where women eat strange meals and put up with discomforts which would not be tolerated for an hour in a man's club. "I shall not go there any more," said one man to me, speaking of a club where the ladies dispense tea with gracious profusion. "The tea is horrible. I give you my word, the crumpets haunted me for days!" Perhaps this is the beginning of a new policy at women's clubs: the chastening of the Sybarite. He will know its ultimate purpose when he receives the vote of censure, neatly framed and glazed, which is designed by Dover Street as his wife's charter of freedom.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It will probably be enough for the public that Mr. Sutro's new St. James's play, curiously entitled "Mollentrave on Women," can be pronounced thoroughly amusing; but it is a question whether the piece does not owe its success far more to its chief interpreter than to its author. For, instead of breaking new ground, the dramatist of "The Walls of Jericho" has gone back to the old paths of stage convention; in place of real types of modern character carefully observed and incisively portrayed, he offers here a group of shadowy, unsubstantial puppets mechanically involved in a maze of sentimental misunderstanding. Even the central figure in this comedy, or rather farcical comedy, who is made to dispose of his companions as pawns on a chess-board, is a mere fantastic creation, hesitatingly outlined and only individualised by Mr. Eric Lewis's piquant personality. You expect great things of this Mollentrave, this feminist philosopher, author of a manual "on women," who, on the strength of his self-asserted knowledge of the sex, is prepared to advise and assist his friends in any sentimental emergency. You are disappointed with him in a double respect. He never says a single memorable thing about women; perhaps that is Mr. Sutro's irony. He is never shown up as an impostor; nay, his calculations work out in the end quite successfully. At first he blunders, but that is because his old lawyer friend's ward mistakes her feelings and fancies she loves her guardian, whereas she is really fond of his nephew, who in pique proposes to Mollentrave's daughter, whom the lawyer wants to marry. It is all, you see, a manufactured imbroglio of farce, and therefore has about it a desperate air of unreality. Still, it is amusing, and Mr. Eric Lewis is magnificent as the superbly confident and self-satisfied Mollentrave. And if Miss Marion Terry is thrown away on the rôle of the great man's daughter, and Mr. McKinnel has to make the lawyer particularly stolid, and Miss Lettice Fairfax and Mr. Faber can be no more than nice boy and girl, it cannot be helped, for the play is nothing apart from Mollentrave.

"THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

The idea of a lackey wooing a lady in masquerade, as the tool of disappointed suitors who thus wreak vengeance for their own rejection, has its odious side even when presented romantically, as in "Ruy Blas," or sentimentally, as in "The Lady of Lyons"; but, at any rate, it is more tolerable when made the subject of serious than of grotesque treatment. This was made clear at Wyndham's Theatre last week on the production of Mr. Robert Marshall's so-called farcical romance, "The Lady of Leeds," which is confessedly a burlesque of Lytton's quaint mixture of bombast, sentimentality, and stage artifice. In place of Pauline Deschapelles, we are shown the daughter of a plebeian millionaire trying to push her way into society with the aid of an aristocratic chaperon; while as a comic substitute for that monumental prig, Claude Melnotte, Captain Marshall provides a cockney waiter bribed by two baulked fortune-hunters to pose as an amorous Archduke. The original unpleasantness of the motif still remains in the travesty, for it concludes with the mating of a pair who are, socially considered, quite incompatible. But apart from that, Mr. Marshall's satire is ineffective, and his laboured fun, helped out by the usual device of ducking the couple in a lake, fizzles out at last like a damp squib.

ONE MAN IN SEVEN PARTS AT THE ROYALTY.

Of the two adaptations which make up the Royalty Theatre's new programme, the shorter piece, in which the Dutch actor, Henri de Vries, shows Protean gifts of a remarkable order, is by far the more interesting. For once Mr. Sydney Grundy's inspiration in dealing with Labiche's work has failed him, and, whereas his "Pair of Spectacles" proved an even more exquisite thing than its French original, "La Poudre aux Yeux," as converted into "The Diplomats," makes but a simple and rather old-fashioned farce, for all its amusing scarification of that pretentious class which makes a large show on the smallest means. Save, too, for Mr. Charles Groves, as delightfully breezy as ever in his familiar rôle of a burly, honest Philistine, Mr. Grundy's chief interpreters were not always last Saturday well up in their lines. Very marked was the contrast afforded by the second part of the programme. Here was a play—it is taken from the Dutch of Herman Heyermans, and entitled "A Case of Arson"—as full of dramatic surprises and emotional tension as the similar cross-examination scenes of "La Robe Rouge." Here was a foreign actor—Mr. de Vries—triumphing over the difficulties of English diction, and exhibiting in seven distinct characters such amazing virtuosity and individualising power, such sincerity of alternate pathos and humour, as well-nigh made the illusion complete, his Fregoli-like quick changes notwithstanding.

ART NOTES.

The Fine Art Society has done useful work in gathering together and exhibiting old engravings of the Thames from its source to the sea. Most of the engravings are of the delightful sort made in the eighteenth century; not the lugubrious mezzotint, but the fresh airy line-engraving that will be ever dear to the collector, and dearer still to lovers of the art for its own sake. The pride of place was strong in that century, so busy a one in building the houses of England. Its builders left for us an endless number of sober-faced domiciles; its engravers, a hardly less number of plates depicting these. The landscape that perforce finds its way into the subjects shown by the Fine Art Society is of the formal uninspired character that belonged to an age that was not poetic. The wildness of nature had no votaries. The Forest of Fontainebleau would have left unmoved an eighteenth-century engraver, who could, however, do full justice to the "fine timber" of some ducal property and the neat lawns paraded by the Duchesses of Horace Walpole's acquaintance. Twickenham (the word is full of suggestion of 1780), Richmond, and Hampton Court, with its more ancient memories, were naturally the places most dear to the draughtsman.

We fail to find at the Fine Art Society's Gallery any representation of that curious home of an impotent Gothic revival, Strawberry Hill; but we see Garrick's Villa and Sir Joshua Reynolds's house on Richmond Hill. Charming as are these prints, fresh and full of character the Thames may be said to have been the inspiration of verse, not painting. From Drayton, with his appropriate lines—

... And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies,
Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies;
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show
As do the bristling reeds within the banks that grow;

and Herrick's words from his exile in Devonshire—

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thameses.

to Wordsworth, who wrote—

The river glideth at its own sweet will,

our literature is full of passages of lovely description. Some of these prints remind us that we have to be grateful for the quite recent frustration of a plan that was going to destroy the great view from Richmond Hill. In the same galleries are "Records and Reflections," being water colours of English landscape by Newton Benett.

It is fitting that *Punch*, an eminently British journal, should have a special correspondent at the front-of the hunt. Mr. G. D. Armour fills this post more completely, perhaps, than it has ever been filled before. True, Du Maurier occasionally drew the sporting man and animal; but his talent was for the pets of the household, either pug-dog or St. Bernard, rather than the hound or the pointer. Charles Keene, too, made excursions into the realms of sport; but these mostly led him on to the Scottish rivers, where the dry witticisms of the natives were "bagged" by him. Mr. Raven-Hill's commission is a roving one, as was Phil May's. Mr. Armour, who himself follows the hounds, is a master of hounds in an artistic sense. His work has that brevity of expression which is so valuable a quality for the weekly draughtsman. We are grateful for the opportunity afforded at the Leicester Galleries of studying his drawings in their original form, although it is not a serious loss that occurs in reproduction. Mr. Armour's wit is easy, and is racy of the soil. His is not the Cockney's view, which was so well embodied in an excellent Keene drawing—"Mrs. Jones: 'I want two brace of partridge, please.' Poulterer: 'Yes, Mum; shall I send them, Mum?' Mrs. Jones: 'No. Mr. Jones is partridge-shooting to-day, and will call for them on his way home.'" W. M.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

All the later particulars which have been received, including plans, of the battle of Hai-kou-tai reveal that the disastrous failure of General Gripenberg's attack upon the Japanese left was due to disorganisation in the Russian command. Of the rashness of the movement there can be no question; neither the climatic conditions favoured such an attempt, nor was there the mutual co-operation and support necessary to ensure success. General Gripenberg's force, consisting of nearly 85,000 men and 350 guns, appears to have outnumbered the Japanese opposed to it on the first two days and part of the third; but on the evening of the 28th the reinforcements which Oyama was able to bring into line completely reversed the situation in this respect and obliged the Russians to retreat. It was the magnificent defence of San-de-pu, on the left bank of the Hun-ho, which gave time to the Japanese to bring up their reserves; and similarly, had the Russians been reinforced, it is possible that the result might not have been for them so disastrous and complete. Various reasons are assigned for the failure of Kuropatkin to support his subordinate. On the one hand, it is said that it was never intended that the movement should have been more than a reconnaissance in force; and, on the other, that it was due to a lack of mobility and arrangements for transporting the troops. In any case, it is certain that at the most critical moment during the afternoon of Jan. 27 there was an absolute failure at headquarters to realise the situation; and although reiterated counter-attacks were made by the Russians upon various points of the Japanese lines, these were without cohesion, and in every case were repulsed with loss. The Japanese appear to have been under the impression that a general battle would follow, and were much surprised when they found that the really excellent

tactical move on the left was not followed up by a general advance. As a result of the disagreement which arose between Gripenberg and Kuropatkin the former is to return home, and to be replaced by General Kaulbars. There are rumours also that Kuropatkin himself would prefer to relinquish his post; but the party which supports him in St. Petersburg will not hear of it.

The trustworthy news about the Fleets is meagre. Rozhdestvensky is still cruising off the north coast of Madagascar, and has, it appears, been able to complete his coaling without infringing neutral rights. It is also stated that he has decided not to proceed further until the beginning of March. On the other hand, it was announced last week that a division of the Third Baltic Squadron, commanded by Admiral Miebogato, would leave Libau in the course of this week. This squadron, it is stated, will consist of the battleship *Nicolai I.*, the armoured coast-defence vessels *Ushakoff*, *Seniavine*, and *Abraxine*, with the cruisers *Pamyat Azova* and *Vladimir Monomach*. It is further stated that another division of this squadron will sail in May, consisting of the battleships *Slava* and *Alexander II.*, the cruiser *Korniloff*, the mining transport *Volga*, and fifteen new torpedo-boats.

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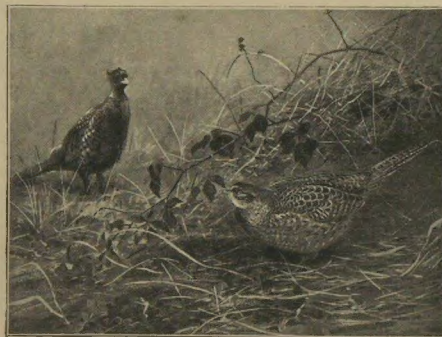
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TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Twenty-Five from July 4 to December 31, 1904 of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsgirl, or direct from the Publishing Office, 25, Strand, W.C., London.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE STATE OPENING
OF PARLIAMENT.

His Majesty is as punctilious in the performance of his Parliamentary duties as of all the other work that lies to his hand, and this year the parish of St. James's and the City of Westminster were favoured with the heraldic pageant that is becoming as familiar in the present reign as it was unfamiliar in the last. To judge from the crowds that turned out to witness the State procession to the House of Lords, familiarity has not bred indifference. In its details the ceremonial differed in no way from that of former years. The great State coach and the eight cream ponies were once more seen in the Mall and Whitehall, and the King's procession was preceded as usual by that of the Heir-Apparent, with a "Prince of Wales's escort" of the Household Cavalry. Their Majesties, on alighting from their coach beneath the Victoria Tower at Westminster Palace, were met by the heralds and high officers of State, and the Sword of State was borne before them to the Robing-Room. The King was then escorted to the House of Lords, the Cap of Maintenance being now borne on the right hand of the Sword of State. His Majesty, having bidden the assembly be seated, put on his hat, and proceeded to read his Speech, in which he referred, among other points, to the Portuguese royal visit, the continuance of the war, the Macedonian gendarmerie, the North Sea disaster, the agreements with France, Tibet, and China; to Afghan affairs and to the Scottish Church difficulty. He also outlined a programme of domestic legislation, and touched sympathetically upon the question of the unemployed. There was a foreshadowing of a Redistribution Bill and a promise of a reintroduction of the Alien Immigration Bill.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR H. G. ANDOE,
DISTINGUISHED SAILOR.

THE RUSSIAN
TROUBLES.

From St. Petersburg come rumours of concessions to the strikers; and although General Trepoff has forbidden the Press to allude to labour questions, the Tsar is said to have aroused a more sym-

pathetic feeling among working men by his decision to appoint a commission, in which labour will be directly represented, to examine into the claims of the industrial party. Should this commission be held, it would be the first occasion on which Russian working men have been invited to confer with State officials on public questions. A statement has been current in the French Press that General Trepoff has ordered the managers of factories to give satisfaction to their own men; and the Governor threatened that if they refused to do so, he would remove them and appoint an official board of directors. This is surely the most peculiar method of settling a strike that was ever proposed, and it can scarcely be doubted that the men themselves would prefer their present lot under their regular masters to the possibilities of a management that would be the direct agent of the bureaucracy. Count Tolstoy the younger has been received by the Tsar, who did not conceal his hostility to the elder Tolstoy's views. It is reported that the Emperor asked the younger Tolstoy for his opinion on the crisis, and the Count replied that he would advise his Majesty to study the Swedish Constitution, which provides for a large measure of peasant representation open to Christians alone. The Committee of Ministers at St. Petersburg has discussed legislative measures for factory reform, and has instructed the Minister of Finance to frame a scheme for the amelioration of the life of the working classes. This scheme is to include shorter hours, the alteration of the strike laws, provisions for medical assistance to labourers, and the control of factory inspection. At the Putiloff factory work is still suspended.

POLAND.

There have been further collisions between the troops

and the populace at Lodz, and the number of killed has been stated to be forty-two, but is believed to be far greater. More than two hundred persons, including women and children, were wounded. During

the fight of Feb. 12 the strikers used revolvers, and the local troops were reinforced from Warsaw by a regiment of infantry and a squadron of cavalry. At Sosnowice forty-four victims of the massacre of Feb. 9 were buried on the morning of Feb. 13. Only immediate relatives of the deceased were permitted to attend

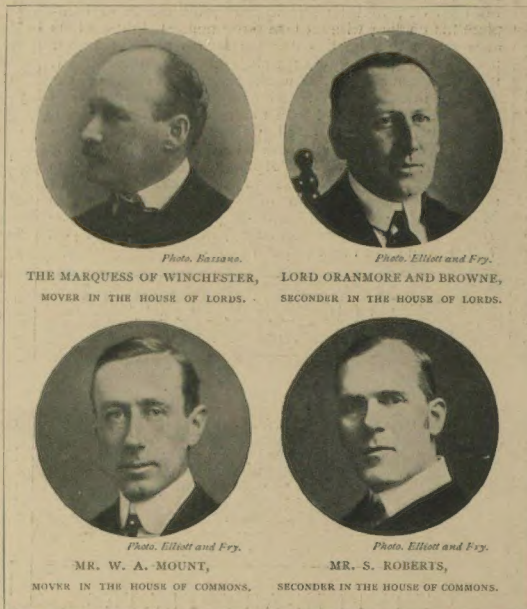


Photo. Bassano. THE MARQUESS OF WINCHESTER,
MOVER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Photo. Elliott and Fry. LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE,
SECONDER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Photo. Elliott and Fry. MR. W. A. MOUNT,
MOVER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Photo. Elliott and Fry. MR. S. ROBERTS,
SECONDER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN REPLY TO THE SPEECH
FROM THE THRONE IN BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

the ceremony. In that town seventy thousand men are on strike. From Warsaw there comes an extraordinary story of a revolutionary demonstration at one of the girls' gymnasiums. One of the senior pupils read a memorandum signed by her class-fellows advocating the placing of Polish on an equal footing with Russian in the schools. The director snatched away the paper, whereupon the girls fell upon him and maltreated him. He telephoned for aid, and a detachment of troops entered the school with drawn swords, at which some of the damsels fainted, and others jumped out of the window. "Order," one report naively concludes, "was with difficulty restored." These schoolgirl demonstrations may be very gallant, but they tend somewhat to bring the serious reform movement into contempt.

A LIBERAL
MANIFESTO.

On Feb. 7 a meeting of the Opposition leaders was held at Lord Spencer's house; and the same evening a document, purporting to be a manifesto from him, as leader of the Liberal party, was issued to the newspapers by the National Press Agency. It was treated as a statement with this official character until various disclaimers appeared, pointing out that it was merely a letter addressed

to be Prime Minister in the next Liberal Ministry. Two opinions in the letter have a special interest. Lord Spencer thinks a Liberal Government will leave existing contracts for Chinese labour in the Transvaal untouched, but will veto any further indentures. "At the proper moment," he and his party will extend the application of the principle of self-government in Ireland.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Henry William Montagu Paulet, sixteenth Marquess of Winchester, who moved the Address in the House of Lords, is the son of the fourteenth Marquess, and succeeded his brother in 1899. He is premier Marquess of England, and hereditary Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance. The seconder in the Upper House, Lord Oranmore and Browne, is the third Baron, and a Representative Peer for Ireland. He is the only son of the second Baron. The proposer in the House of Commons, Mr. William Arthur Mount, has been member for the Newbury Division of Berkshire since 1900, and has been Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and to Mr. Ritchie. Mr. Samuel Roberts, the seconder, has been member for the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield since 1902, is a barrister, and has acted as Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

Dr. E. C. Robson Roose, who died on Feb. 12, in his fifty-seventh year, was one of the most successful of West-End physicians. He entered the medical profession in 1870 as a licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries of London; shortly afterwards gained the licences of the Royal College of Physicians and of Surgeons of Edinburgh; in 1872 became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; and in 1875 a member of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1877. For a time he practised at Brighton, where he built up a connection that induced him to establish himself in London at Hill Street. Here he speedily won a large and fashionable practice, and entertained many a celebrity. Of recent years, Dr. Roose lived at East Grinstead, and only came up to his consulting-rooms.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. E. C. ROBSON ROOSE,
WRITER ON LONGEVITY.

The late Sir Hilary Gustavus Andoe, who died at Plymouth on Feb. 11, had a long and eventful naval career to his credit. He was born in 1841, and entered the Navy when he was fourteen, having the luck to see active service during the first months of his career, for he was present at the bombardment of Sveaborg on Aug. 9, 1855, one of the first actions of the war with Russia. At twenty-one he was a Lieutenant, and, while holding this rank, he commanded the *Vigilant* when she was engaged in the suppression of the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa. Later, he was on active service as transport officer in Natal in connection with the Boer Campaign of 1881, as Captain of the *Orontes* during the Egyptian War of 1882, and as principal transport officer at Trinkitat and Suakin during the operations in the Sudan in February and March of 1884. The late Admiral acted as Admiral-Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard from 1895 till 1901.

THE AMERICAN
SENATE.

A disagreement has arisen between President Roosevelt and the Senate with regard to treaties of arbitration. The Senate regards itself as the treaty-making power under the Constitution, and insists upon having every agreement with a foreign country made dependent on its will and pleasure. In this way, an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, for example, would be operative only when the particular application of it had been sanctioned by the Senate. It would appear that, rather than expose a treaty to the risk of being made a dead letter by a hostile majority in the Senate, President Roosevelt would not go through the formality of ratification. If the prerogative of the Senate be really what is claimed, it is a very remarkable arrangement for that body to ratify a treaty, and then refuse by a majority to apply it in a particular case. That is rather like putting a premium on international friction.



Photo. Russell.
THE BALLOON THAT BEAT THE BOAT-TRAIN: ITS AERONAUTS, MESSRS. FAURE (LEFT)
AND LATHAM (RIGHT) IN THE CAR.

The balloon ascended from the Crystal Palace at a quarter to seven on the evening of February 11. At one o'clock next morning it descended at St. Denis, Paris, thus beating the fastest boat-train by three-quarters of an hour.

on Feb. 7 to Mr. Corrie Grant, and embodying the views which Lord Spencer has had no opportunities lately of expounding on the platform. He had written it as an ordinary public man, and not as the statesman who



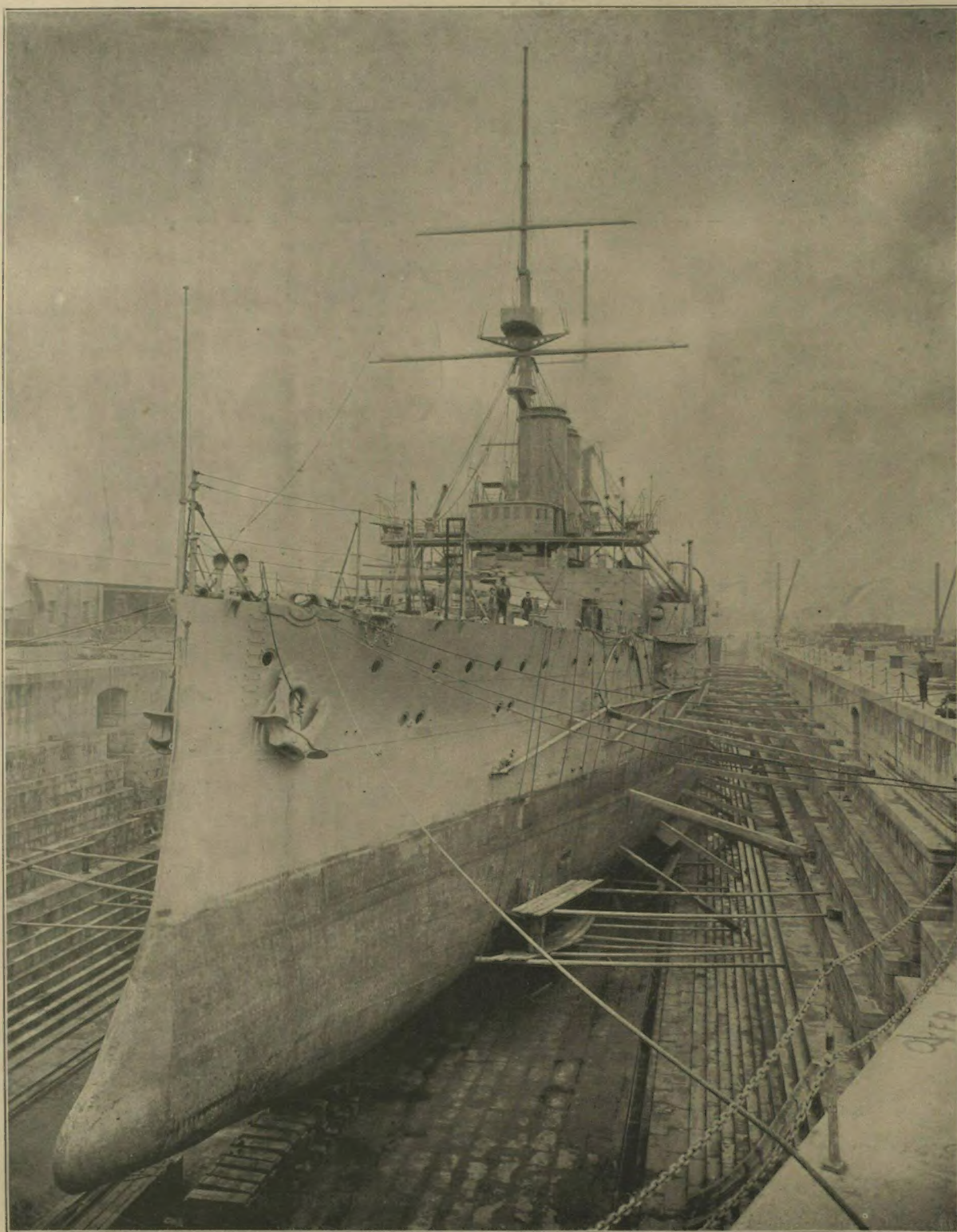
1. PARLIAMENTARY PAGEANTRY:
THE KING'S PROGRESS TO WESTMINSTER PALACE
TO OPEN THE NEW LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

2. THE OPENING OF ANOTHER PARLIAMENTARY SESSION BY THE KING: THE STATE
COACH WITH THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVING AT THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 14.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

THE KING'S NAMESAKE: THE LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP IN THE WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CRIER.

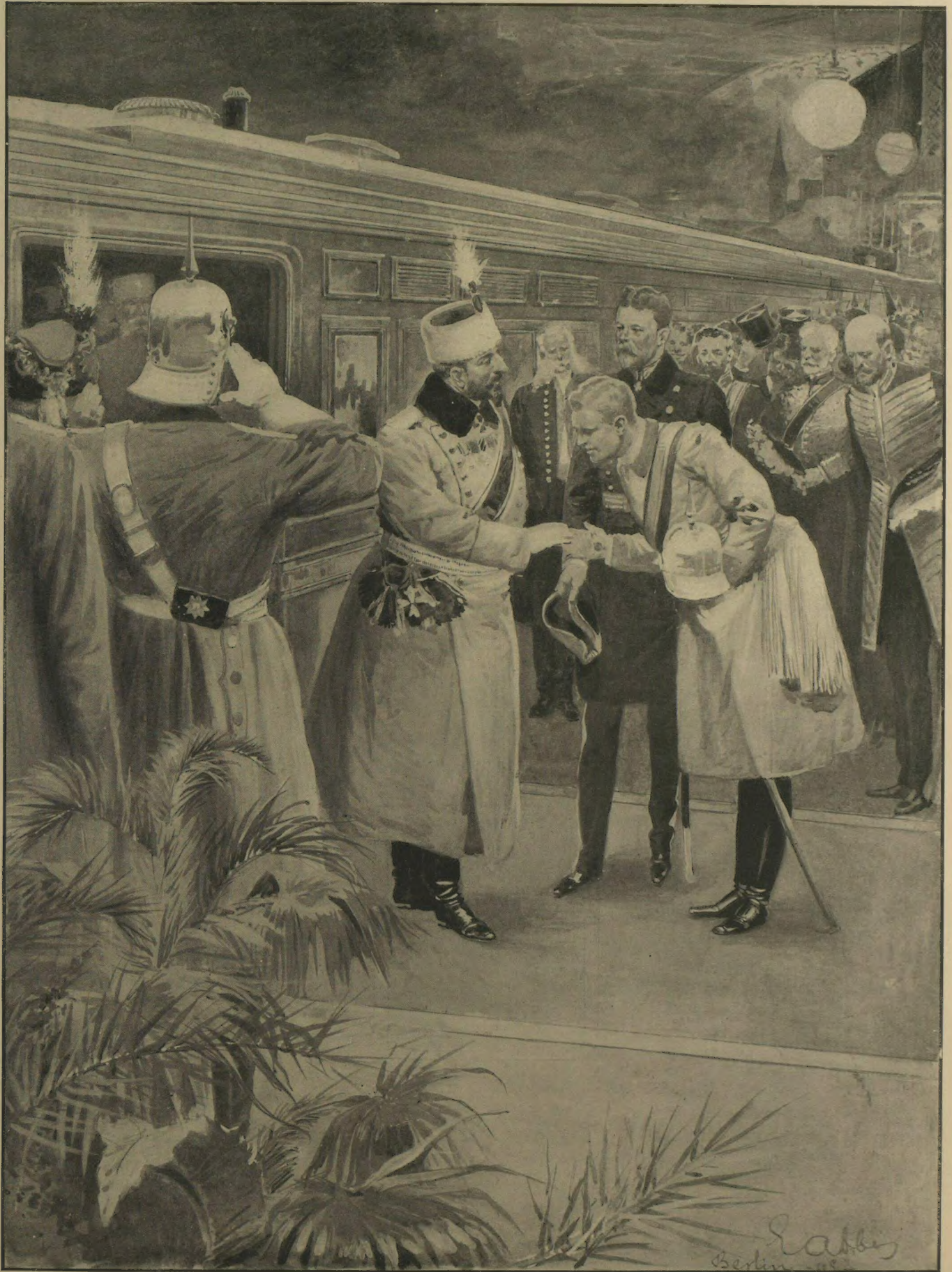


COMMISSIONED WITH HER GODFATHER THE KING'S GOOD WISHES: THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "KING EDWARD VII." IN DRY DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH.

On February 7 our largest battle-ship, the "King Edward VII.," which is to be flag-ship of the new Atlantic Fleet on March 1, was commissioned by Vice-Admiral Sir W. H. May. The "King Edward VII." is the model of seven other vessels, which are to be designated of the "King Edward VII." class, and will replace the vessels of the "Majestic" class. She has cost upwards of £1,500,000. Upon hoisting his flag the Admiral telegraphed to the King expressing the humble loyalty of himself, his officers, and the ship's company; and the King replied wishing the ship a most successful commission. Messages were also exchanged with the Princess of Wales, who presented the ship with a silk ensign.

PRINCE FERDINAND CLAIMING A SECOND PROTECTOR: HIS FRIENDLY MISSION TO BERLIN.

DRAWN BY E. ARBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



Prince Ferdinand.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

Prince Friedrich Henry of Prussia.

Count Eulenburg.

PRINCE FERDINAND RECEIVED AT THE FRIEDRICHSSTRASSE RAILWAY-STATION, BERLIN, BY PRINCE FRIEDRICH HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, FEBRUARY 8.

Prince Ferdinand's mission is to promote a solution of the Turco-Bulgarian difficulty, and this is the first time that the Tsar has permitted him to manifest goodwill towards Germany. Russia, it is understood, no longer regards an improvement in the relations between Bulgaria and Germany as a cause of suspicion and mistrust. The Sultan's recent friendly inclination towards France may probably have led the Berlin authorities to give him a roundabout hint that, although Russia's hands are full, there are other factors in the Balkans with which Turkey has to reckon and which might be supported by Germany. King Edward's Speech contained a significant reference to the Balkan question.

CURIOSITIES IN CAR-LAND: ORIGINALITIES AND ODDITIES AT OLYMPIA.

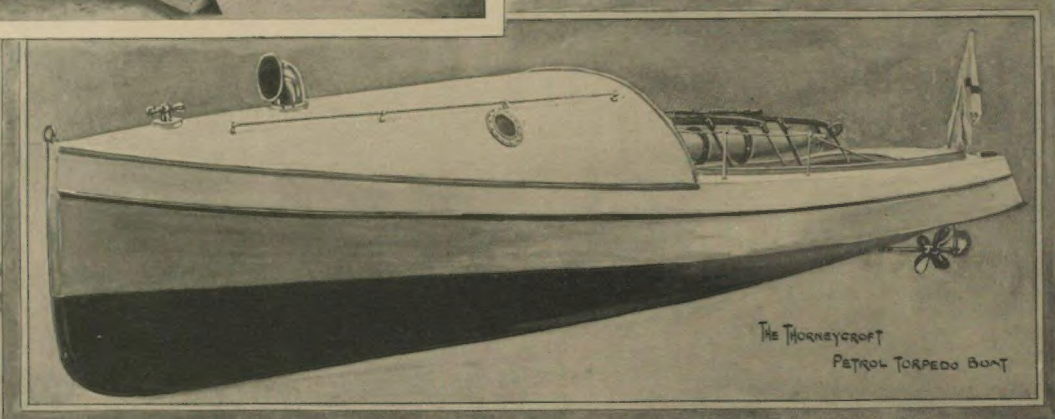
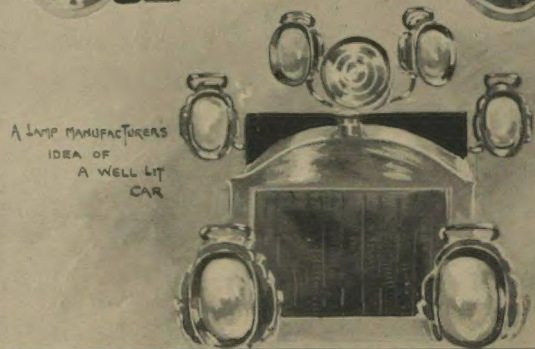
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLAYVER; PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



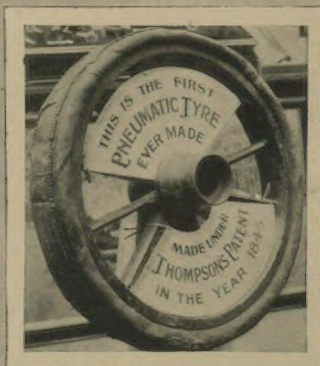
THE NEW MAIL FOR THE BOULEVARD ROAD



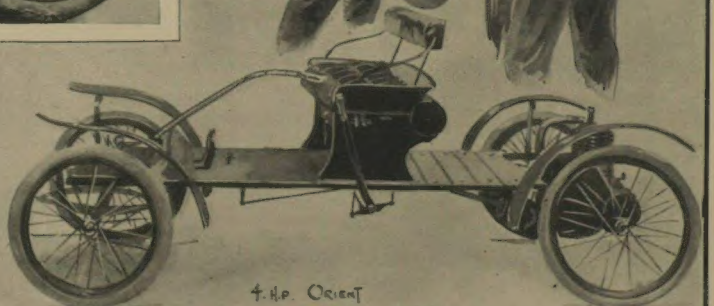
ORIGINAL DECORATION OF A STAND



THE ADAMS NEW QUICK-LIFT MOTOR JACK



TYRE FITTING COMPETITION AGAINST TIME



RALPH CLAYVER

PECULIAR POINTS FROM THE PETROL PALACE.

The unusual stand above which appears the legend, "Let the judges decide," fulfils its aim of exciting curiosity, with its mysterious judge's box and winning-post. It is owned by a company who advise intending purchasers of motors. You fill in one of their forms with particulars of the sort of vehicle you think you require, and this is then submitted to the judges, a jury of trained motor-experts in the company's service. These gentlemen then decide what make of car will best suit your wishes, and advise accordingly.

VARIOUS THEMES IN CURRENT BOOKS.

- The Secret Woman*. By Eden Phillpotts. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Tales of the Five Towns. By Arnold Bennett. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Thomas Moore: English Men of Letters. By Stephen Gwynn. (London: Macmillan. 2s. net.)
Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Critic, Novelist. By James Douglas. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)
The Land of the Blessed Virgin. By William Somerset Maugham. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir Frederick Treves. (London: Cassell. 12s.)

"The Secret Woman" is a tale of primitive instincts, which are not for all tastes. Devonshire farm-folk, according to Mr. Phillpotts, are creatures of impulse, who let every passion have full sway. Anthony Redvers has a touch of the early patriarchs, who believed that love could be infinitely subdivided. He is devoted to his family, but he is also devoted to Salome Westaway, the secret woman, with whom he has an assignation, witnessed by his wife. Ann Redvers does not identify the girl in the darkness of the night; but she taxes her husband with his infidelity soon after, and in a fit of anger murders him. She has two sons, one of whom is always within an ace of murdering the other. Jesse, the elder, tries to induce Salome to marry him, and betrays to her his mother's crime, which had been hushed up. Salome, who was passionately attached to Anthony, bursts in upon Ann with a furious invective, confessing her relations with the man who is gone, and cursing his murderess. Jesse, in a fit of remorse, commits suicide, and Ann gives herself up to justice. It is not a cheerful story; but it is written with a good deal of power. Mr. Phillpotts is a disciple of Mr. Hardy; but Mr. Hardy would not have made the mistake of endowing Salome with such a flood of trenchant speech. Farm-folk, in Devonshire or elsewhere, were never so eloquent. Some of the minor characters are drawn with humour, especially old Westaway, Salome's father, and the avaricious Arcscott, who has the greed and tenacity of a Norman peasant in Maupassant.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's short stories are full of invention. They are narrated in a style which has the inestimable quality of freshness, though it does not always belong to the first order of humour. "Yes; and there was something so mysteriously thrilling about the fall of her skirt that you knew instantly her name was Clara, her temper both fiery and obstinate, and her personality distracting." We disclaim this divination altogether, but must admit that Clara fully justifies the description. Mr. Bennett is precise in his observation of women. Of some he remarks: "Often they have thin, rather long lips, and deep rounded chins; but it is the fine upward curves of the nostrils and the fall of the eyelids which most surely mark them." Look out for that fine upward curve and falling eyelid, and you will know it betokens strength of purpose and great devotion. But Nina, who was "moderately tall, had a good slim figure, all pleasant curves, flaxen hair and plenty of it, and a dainty, rather expressionless face, with ears and mouth very small, eyes large and blue, nose so-so, cheeks and forehead of an equal ivory pallor, chin trifling with a crease under the lower lip and a rich convexity springing up from below the crease"—Nina was a bit of a fool. Observe her physical peculiarities, that you may know this when you see the type. She took her own father for a burglar, when he was only a theatrical manager. May was "twenty-two, and she had about her that strange and charming nunlike mystery which often comes to a woman who lives alone and unguessed-at among male relatives." Be careful with May, for she may try to commit suicide in a trance, even after you have proposed to her, although that is the very thing she is nearly dying for. All Mr. Bennett's tales of women are surprising, and they will all be read with pleasure.

Canons of criticism have changed since Lord John Russell expressed his conviction that Moore was the greatest lyric poet in the English language; but the author of the "Irish Melodies" ought long ago to have been given a place in the "Men of Letters" series. "Man of letters," indeed, is the best possible description of Moore. His versatility was amazing; he could and did produce love poems, patriotic songs, pseudo-Oriental romances, and political satires, all effective in their way; while in prose he covered a wide range of subjects in the *Edinburgh Review* (an abortive duel with Jeffrey having led to a close literary connection), and did good work as the biographer of Byron, Sheridan, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His "History of Ireland," is obsolete, but it is not at all such a bad production, given the state of contemporary knowledge, as later critics think. Apart from the actual merit of his work, the life of Moore is interesting because he was, during one of the most fruitful periods of our literary history, in very close touch with most of the leading members of the world of letters. He was, moreover, himself a link between literature and politics; he is the last of a line which included Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, and Gay. Taking no active part in political life, he was a most useful auxiliary to the Whig party. His career was remarkable enough; it was hardly to be expected that the son of a Dublin grocer, a Roman Catholic living before the repeal of the Penal Laws, should become a prominent figure in the fashionable life of the times. Undoubtedly his musical talent did much for him; but Tommy Moore was no mere warbler in the drawing-rooms of the great. He was generally in financial difficulties; but his pen was not for sale: he held to his own opinions, which happened to be unpopular, and pleaded effectively the cause of Ireland. His poems abound in a sentimentality which modern taste rejects; but, as Scott said, he could turn out exceedingly good songs. The

Celtic melancholy had not been exploited in his day, and he had not a particle of mysticism in his nature: he is, therefore, found inadequate by the modern Irish school, and it is satisfactory to see that Mr. Gwynn does full justice to his merits. In his little volume will be found a well-informed account of the poet's life, and some shrewd criticism of his works. But Mr. Gwynn has apparently made no special study of the period, and his book hardly enables the reader to realise Moore's exact place in the England of his day. "Lalla Rookh" is very shortly dismissed, and it is a pity that Mr. Gwynn makes no attempt to deal with the impulse that set such diverse poets as Southey, Moore, and Goethe at work upon Oriental themes.

For many years Mr. Watts-Dunton held a position unsuspected by all save the inner circle of men of letters. He had written poetry which circulated in manuscript among his private friends. He had written in part a romance which is now known to us as "Aylwin." He had talked admirable criticism to respectful auditors, themselves distinguished in literature, long before it occurred to him to write a review. Probably he would never have written that of his own initiative. He began to write for the *Examiner* to oblige the late Professor Minto. Then he wrote for the *Athenæum*. But still the world knew nothing about him. Under Mr. Watts-Dunton's influence, Rossetti wrote one of his finest poems; but many years passed before the friend of Rossetti, Tennyson, Morris, Browning, Meredith, and Swinburne could be persuaded to publish his own verse, "The Coming of Love," exquisite as it is. This singular history is narrated by Mr. Douglas with pardonable fervour. He has delved in old volumes of the *Athenæum*, and unearthed articles of Mr. Watts-Dunton's, which despite the dust of oblivion, are still fresh in idea, and stimulating in expression. They sustain the contention that criticism, in its highest manifestations, is an imaginative art. The story of Mr. Watts-Dunton's personal relations with the most famous English poets of his generation makes a fascinating chapter of literary history. There is one exception. We are told little or nothing about Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Douglas protested that his book would be incomplete without that figure, but he protested in vain. Mr. Watts-Dunton was inexorable. However, let Mr. Douglas take heart. A time will come; it always does come in these cases!

There is some curious quality about Spain that leads visitors to extravagant thoughts. Perhaps the quality is neither more nor less than the atmosphere the Moors gave the country. When the Anglo-Saxon reaches Andalusia he finds a life that has no counterpart in Europe, and, after the fashion of the race, he must seek to commit all its qualities to paper. Just as the average man, finding a rare bird on the wing above his fields or coverts, shoots the visitor promptly, sends him to be stuffed, and sets his virtues and rarity on record in letters of gold and a glass case, so the casual visitor to Spain declines to be content with a beautiful impression; he must express, analyse, suggest explanations, carry the country away with him in his note-book. "The Land of the Blessed Virgin" is an expression of this attitude. Mr. Maugham enjoyed Andalusia, but his book affords no key to the mystery of its charm. He has written with some taste and discretion; consequently, there is reason to regret the inclusion of Spanish phrases, which must be no more intelligible than Arabic to the general reader. Here and there Mr. Maugham is inaccurate. "Mahomet" is less correct than "Mohammed"; "Muhammad" would, perhaps, be the better way to spell the name of Islam's prophet. The author is in error when he writes: "The Christians returned, and Mahomet fled before the Saints; it was no shame, since they grossly outnumbered him." Islam has more saints than Rome could count. "Allah Achbar" (189) means nothing except that the author does not understand the spelling or significance of the call to prayer; the diplomatic capital of Morocco should not be called "Tangiers." Mr. Maugham's book has other small faults—notably the forced similes and uncertain attitudes towards things seen. Very little of the country is covered, most of the space being given to Seville and Cordova. But there is no ground for complaint here: in all Spain there are no more gracious cities than those that lend their immortality to the Guadalquivir.

It is late in the day to write and publish the journal of a conventional journey round the world, and had Sir Frederick Treves challenged serious comparison with the best of the hundred men who have done the work before him, carping critics would have been tempted to remember that the master of surgery may be far removed from mastery in letters. But in a little preface of four sentences Sir Frederick disarms criticism, and we turn to his unpretentious pages with a quiet content that is never disturbed. We find ourselves in the company of a cultivated and cheerful man of the world, who looks upon cities and people without too many preconceived notions of their work or demerits, who thinks for himself, and says what he thinks rather than what other folks have thought. If there is little that is fresh in the author's attitude, there is nothing that is insincere. The path chosen was the Mediterranean route to India, thence by way of Burma, China, Japan, and the Pacific to America. Truly a pleasing journey, and pleasantly illustrated by the author's admirable photographs. We close the pages with an earnest wish that such a tour might be within the reach of the intelligent young men of all classes. What help it would bring to the advocates of universal peace! How it would develop an understanding between the West and the East! Perhaps the philanthropist will yet arise to give a generation yet unborn a peep at "The Other Side of the Lantern." Britons stand very much in need of such a journey, for these islands have more responsibilities to the world at large than fall to the rest of Europe.

IRISH SKETCHES.—No. I.: ONLY A FOOL.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Think I oftentimes that Eastern Sage spake well who said, "And the fool from out the ripeness of his wisdom shall confound the wise." In our hearts, in Northern Ireland, the sage's words find echo always. "He's a fool, ay," say we, "but a wise fool; and them that buys him for a fool will fetch home a wise penn'orth."

From song and story I long ago learnt that all the fools in Scotland (respectfully I speak it) were wise fools. We have a Scotland in Ireland's northern province, and to the greater Scotland's credit be it said that all our fools are wise fools, and all our wise fools Scotch fools.

We treat our fool with respect nearly amounting to awe—all of us, that is, except the thoughtless young. They, because they are thoughtless, delight to tease him, to throw nicknames at him, and sometimes, I shame to say, stones. In such case, however, the fool is usually skilful enough not merely to keep any band of youngsters at bay, but put them to disordered rout. His success develops in him a relish for open warfare of this kind; and if, through some catastrophe, all children were suddenly transformed into such as populate Sunday-school books, our fool would lose his wits, I do believe.

Of Inver, Andy McKimmon was the parish fool a generation ago. His worst persecutors were the Dhirmaid boys. Among bad boys the boys of Dhirmaid shone in excess of iniquity. They played cards for buttons on the Sabbath; they stole their fathers' pipes and tobacco, and smoked them. Many a mixed volley of stones and curses had Andy McKimmon in his day levelled at them—to their wicked delight and encouragement. The feud between Andy and the Dhirmaid boys was a deep one and long-standing, and thoughts of those persecutors of his were with him wheresoever he went. On a night, in Phil Diver's, Andy McKimmon being present, the absorbing topic of discussion among the assembled neighbours was the fruitful one of Heaven. When everyone else had contributed to the discussion his conception of Heaven, it was asked: "Andy, a *thouchail*, and what do you think Heaven is like?"

"I dunno," said Andy, "what it's like, but I know what I should like it to be like for me."

"And what might that be, Andy?"

"For my Heaven," he said, "I should only ax for a hole in the wall, a heap of stones by me, and the Dhirmaid boys filin' past for ever." A modest ambition, but, in the circumstance, all-satisfying.

The Reverend Sandy Montgomery, riding into Donegal one day, encountered Andy McKimmon in fearful rage, and cursing wildly. On inquiry, the minister learned that the Dhirmaid boys had been persecuting Andy again. "Andy, my good man," said Mr. Montgomery, "do not curse the Dhirmaid boys."

"What will I do, then?" said Andy wrathfully.

"Well, you know," said Mr. Montgomery, "you have often heard me preach that we are to pray for those who persecute us. Pray for them, Andy. Pray for the Dhirmaid boys instead of cursing them, and, in that way, you will heap coals of fire on their heads."

Then Mr. Montgomery, having discharged a Christian duty, went forward; but, returning again half an hour later, he was surprised to find Andy, kneeling under a bush by the wayside, praying vehemently.

"Andy, my poor fellow," said Mr. Montgomery, "that'll do. I did not mean that you were to get on your knees by the roadside to pray for the Dhirmaid boys, nor that you were to keep at it for half an hour at a time. A short prayer said quietly as you walk along the road, or lying down at night, is perhaps as much as the Dhirmaid boys deserve. Get up, get up."

"The devil take me," replied Andy, "if I stop praying now till I have burned them to a stump."

However imperfect was Andy's theology his intentions were sincere.

For his spiritual welfare Mr. Montgomery took concern, all the more earnest since he found that oftentimes Andy was inclined to be not merely wayward, but positively unorthodox. Despite the weakness of his intellect he had an originality of thought that should have shamed those who in the greatness of their wisdom nicknamed themselves wise. Andy was born a Protestant (as we put it), and when he attended any church, generally patronised his own, sitting under the Reverend Montgomery. When one of his wayward spells came over him; though, he would drift, for a time, to the Meeting-house or the Catholic Chapel, tasting the varied doctrines in those places to be found. On a day after he had absented himself for months from his proper place of worship, Mr. Montgomery, meeting him upon the road, held him up, and demanded explanation.

"The sorra take the foot I am going back near you, Mr. Montgomery," said Andy; "that's my explanation—rather illogically. 'No more am I going near Father Dan either. Nor Mr. McCart's Meetin'-house, nor the Praichin'-house neither.'"

"But, Andy," Mr. Montgomery appealed to him, "won't you let me know what's the cause of this?"

"The cause of it," said Andy, "is plain as the nose on your face. The cause of it is that you do too much 'scouldin' of the devil. I was thirty years, Mr. Montgomery, listening to you scouldin' the devil, and it's surely small wonder if thirty years of that made me tired at last. I went to the Catholic Chapel to hear Father Dan for a change, but the sorra be off me if he did a thing else than scould the devil too. I tried the Prosbysterin Meetin'-house, and it was sorra take the thing but ballyragging the devil with Mr. McCart, also. I then footed it to the Methodist Praichin'-house, to find them goin' hammer and tongs for the poor Ould Fella there, moreover. Now, Mr. Montgomery, the devil may be bad, and very bad—and it ill becomes me for to defend him; but it wouldn't be in human nature for the poor Fella to take off yer hands all the slander and abuse that from June to January and back again he gets from the clairy of this parish, and be anything else than a devil after, if he had the spirit of a dog."

Andy, I remarked, was only a North of Ireland Fool.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SCIENCE OF TIREDNESS.

A prominent figure on the music-hall stage used to sing a song of an idler and a tired man. The individual made known to fame on this date declared he was "born tired," and the recital of his subsequent life and adventures was of a highly amusing character. The song, however, dealt rather with the opinions and ways of a loafer and an idler than with the doings of a man tired out after work. For many years the subject of fatigue has formed a study of much interest to physiologists. Naturally we are inclined to inquire, first of all, why we should grow tired and weary as the result of work done.

A little study in life-science may make the first point clear to our understanding. Life everywhere exhibits an alternation of work and rest. There is no continuous action of vital kind in animal or plant. Examine the living records, and this assertion will be found to be true. Sleep in the case of the animal illustrates very definitely the condition of repose which alternates with that of work. There is a very marked line of demarcation here betwixt activity of body on the one hand, and inactivity on the other. It is the same with plants. The green leaves all the day long are drinking in carbonic acid gas from the air. Every leaf-cell is a chemical laboratory, wherein this gas is split up into its component carbon and oxygen. The carbon is retained for food, and the oxygen is liberated into the atmosphere. This is the work of the leaf during the day; but when night comes and light disappears, this action ceases. The plant-cells demand repose. The moving plant of India, whose leaves oscillate by day, ceases these movements at night. In other words, the plant is tired out by its day-work, and demands its nightly rest.

If, having regard to the human domain specially, we think of our work and our rest, we can see that the alternation is universal. Even if all the work of the body does not cease in sleep, such actions as are then represented are at least slowed down. The body is in the position of an engine, slowly moving, with its fires banked. The first action of the sleepy man aroused in the morning may be, and often is, that of rubbing his eyes. He does this instinctively, and the meaning of his action is that he is setting in operation the tear-glands of the eyes, so that they in turn may wake up and provide the fluid necessary for the eyes' protection. If anybody argued that the heart's work implied constant action he would be in error. The heart rests just as much as it works. The pause between its first and second sounds and that between the second sound and the next first are periods of rest. The heart is in the position of a workman who takes short spells of rest between short spells of work.

I had occasion recently to revise my memories of what rest means to the heart, and I found that when we sleep, and when naturally the recumbent posture is assumed, we save in twenty-four hours 17,000 heart-beats. This is how our physicians know the value of rest in heart troubles. If we therefore arrive at the safe conclusion that our living engine works continuously—or at least maintains the same rate of bodily labour—there yet remains for consideration the question of the cause of fatigue. To start with, tiredness is as natural a condition of life as is the ability to perform work. It is Nature's signal that rest and repose are necessary in order to recuperate the vital powers. Think for a moment of the supply of nourishment (which means the giving of energy or "the power of doing work") to any part. The healthy frame receives its due quota of food materials, and out of them builds up its substance and obtains its working power. But the supply of energy is not constant. Hence, after a certain exhaustion of the store it originally possessed, the human engine demands more coal and water. Fatigue is the sign-manual which authorises the fresh supply.

That which demands attention is the mechanism whereby fatigue is caused. Now, it is a fixed axiom of things that all work implies waste. We may go further, and say that all waste necessitates repair. If somebody demanded to know why one wants his dinner, the true reply would take the form of the assertion that out of the dinner the individual expects to get the material to repair the waste consequent upon work. As we are in the position of being continually at work (in a physiological sense), so we must constantly demand our daily bread. But diving deeper into the *rationale* of tiredness, we find the physiologist telling us that, as the result of work, waste matters are to be found in our muscles especially. These matters vary in character, but one of them is lactic acid. It is this acid which, when it accumulates in excess in our tissues, causes rheumatism. This last is therefore a disease essentially characterised, on this view at least, by the excess of waste over the possibilities of its being disposed of.

A further study of weariness leads us afield in the domain of vital chemistry. The changes which ensue in our muscles, and the accumulation in them of lactic acid and other forms of waste, result further in the production of certain other principles of a more or less poisonous nature. These last we call "toxins," and it is probable that every organ that is tired out in our body—from brain to muscle—produces them. The getting rid of these products means to the body a renewal of its vigour. Rest probably serves to aid their disposal, and a Turkish bath acts directly by increasing skin action. Food, by stimulating the activity of heart and circulation, and so expediting the disappearance of the toxins, also renovates and recuperates us. Fatigue, in this view, is the direct result of a process of natural body-poisoning. Within limits, rest and nourishment cure the condition. Beyond limits, we land ourselves in the domain of disease.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

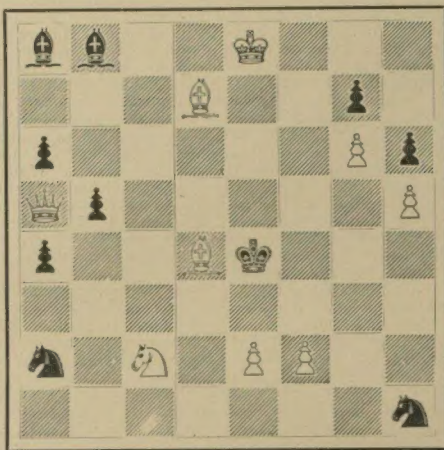
A W DANIEL.—We will accept your last contribution—subject to examination—and consider the two-mover you mention as at your disposal.
R T BANISTER (Worcester).—You must look at the problem again; but you deserve every credit for your effort to solve under such difficulties.
F THOMSON (Dorset).—It is a pleasure to hear from you again, and your problem shall have attention.
H S P (Strand).—We are pleased to do as you wish.
H M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—Thanks for game, of which we are glad to make use.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3167 and 3168 received from Emile Frau (Lyons), of No. 3169 from H S P (Strand), Carnes, Duvman, and T Roberts; of No. 3170 from A F Brody (Cafe Glacier, Marseilles), W R Pearce (Meyagies), Sconier, Frank Gowing (Tottenham), Emile Frau (Lyons), Clement C Danby, A W Hamilton-Gell, H A Sims (Stockwell), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and A S Brown (Paisley).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3171 received from W Hopkinson (Derby), F Henderson (Leeds), A Watson (Wandsworth), and J A Hancock (Bristol).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3170.—By BANISTER DAS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q. to K 2nd. Any move.
2. Q. Kt. B or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 3173.—By EUGENE HENRY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the match between MESSRS. MARSHALL AND JANOWSKI.
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th. P to K 3rd.
There was a chance here of turning the opening into a French Defence, but the Queen's Pawn Game now seems the established rule of play where players fear each other.
2. P to Q B 4th. P to Q 4th.
3. Kt to Q B 3rd. P to Q B 4th.
4. P to K 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
5. Kt to B 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
6. B to Q 3rd. B to Q 3rd.
7. Castles.
8. B to Q 2nd. Kt to Q Kt 3rd.
9. R to B 4th. Kt to Q Kt 5th.
10. B to K 2nd. Kt to K 5th.
11. P to Q 3rd. R.
There is a suggestion in this move that White is acting more on the defensive than is necessary; in fact, throughout the game a tendency of such a kind shows itself. He obviously suffers in development as compared with Black.
12. R takes Kt. Kt takes Kt.
13. R to K 4th. Kt to B 3rd.
14. R to B 4th. R to B 4th.
15. B P takes P. K P takes P.
16. P takes P. P takes P.
17. B to B 3rd. R to R 3rd.
18. P to K Kt 3rd. R to Kt 3rd.
19. R to K 3rd. Q to K 3rd.
20. B to B 3rd. Kt to K 2nd.
21. B to Kt 2nd. R.
Here White begins to lose ground. He makes no conspicuous error, but the strongest move is not always chosen and the play of this Bishop especially is not happy. It may look well posted, but it is practically useless for the rest of the game.
22. P to K R 4th. R to Kt 2nd.
23. Kt to K 5th. Q takes Q.
24. K R takes Q. R to K 3rd.
25. Kt to Q 3rd. B to R 3rd.
26. R to Kt 3rd. R to Q B 5th.
The skilful activity of this Bishop favourably contrasts with the immobility of his reversed brother on the opposite bench.
27. Kt to B 4th. R to K 4th.
28. B takes B. R takes B.
29. P to Kt 3rd. P to Q R 4th.
30. P to Q R 4th. K to B 3rd.
31. Kt to Q 3rd. B takes Kt.
32. R takes B. P to Q B 4th.
33. R to B 3rd. R to K 3rd.
34. R(Kt) to Q B 3rd. R takes P.
35. R takes R. P takes R.
36. R to Kt 3rd. R to Q Kt 3rd.
37. B to B 3rd. R to Kt 3rd.
38. B to Kt 5th. Kt to B 3rd.
The Knight is now too powerful for the Bishop, and a few more moves suffice for Black's well-earned victory.
39. K to B 4th. Kt to Q 3rd.
40. K to Q 3rd. Kt to B 5th.
41. K to K 2nd. P to Kt 3rd.
42. P to B 3rd. Kt to Kt 3rd.
43. R to Kt 5th. Kt to B 5th.
White resigns.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Gambit Declined Tournament between MESSRS. PERKINS AND LOWY.
(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th. B to B 4th.
3. Kt to K B 3rd. P to Q 3rd.
4. B to B 4th. Kt to Q B 3rd.
5. P to Q 3rd. B to K Kt 5th.
6. P to B 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
7. P to K R 3rd. B takes Kt.
8. Q takes B. Q to K 2nd.
9. P to B 3rd.
Establishing a strong advanced point well in the heart of Black's position. Its effect in the final stages of the game will be seen.
10. B to K 3rd. P to Q 4th.
11. B to Kt 3rd. B takes B.
12. Q takes B. P to Q 5th.
13. Q to K 2nd. P takes P.
The line of play here followed only serves to strengthen White's Pawn centre.
14. P takes P. Q to B 4th.
15. Q to K 2nd.
Rightly judging the position made by an exchange of Queens to yield a winning advantage.
16. Castles. Q to R 4th.
17. Q to B 2nd. Q R to Q 3rd.
The end is now only a matter of time, and White, a new star of the Vienna Club, scores a meritorious victory.
18. Kt to K 3rd. P to K Kt 4th.
19. K to R 2nd. P to Q 4th.
20. R to B 3rd. Kt to B 5th.
This gives up a piece for an equivalent in Pawns, with an attack shut, unless carefully met, might prove successful.
21. P to Q 4th. P takes P.
22. R takes Kt. P takes P.
23. Kt to B 3rd. P to Kt 3rd.
24. Q to B 2nd. Kt to Kt 5th.
25. Q to Kt 3rd. R to Q 5th.
26. R to B 3rd. Q takes K P.
27. P to B 6th.
The end is now only a matter of time, and White, a new star of the Vienna Club, scores a meritorious victory.
28. R to K 3rd. P to K Kt 4th.
29. R takes R. Q takes R.
30. Q takes Q. K takes Q.
31. R to K 7th. Kt to R 4th.
32. R to B 4th. P to Kt 3rd.
33. B to B 2nd. P to Q R 4th.
34. Kt to K 3rd. R to K 5th.
35. Kt to Kt 5th. Kt to K 5th.
36. Kt takes P (ch). K to R 2nd.
37. Kt takes P. Resigns.

The Electrical Chess Club, which was formed by the B.E.T. Associate Companies last year, has arranged to hold its weekly meetings at Carr's Restaurant, Strand, on Thursday evenings. Chess players connected with the electrical industry are invited to communicate with the secretary, Mr. H. S. Parnell, Donington House, Norfolk Street, W.C.

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IS INVASION A BOGEY?

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

We are all equal on the field of prophecy, and the answer to the question as to whether the invasion of England is possible depends solely on the character of the preparations made for preventing it. There are two schools of thought—one representing the general view prevailing in the Fleet, and the other that of officers in the Army. To this generalisation there are exceptions. Sir George Sydenham Clarke, for example, one of the ablest military strategists in the service of the Crown, holds the naval view, and is one of the champions of the "Blue Water" school. For many years the military view that the Navy may be decoyed away, and at all events is not to be relied on for defending these shores, has been paramount in the counsels of the nation. Considerable expense has been incurred, for example, in creating earthworks and emplacements for guns in the Surrey Hills in order to prevent the march on London of an enemy who has landed in the south. The "Blue Water" school ridicule the "Surrey Hills" school, and those of the "Surrey Hills" persuasion shake their heads ominously when the Navy is mentioned as our first and last line of defence so far as regards the protection of the British and Irish coasts from serious invasion.

Mr. Brodrick, when introducing his plan for six Army Corps, appealed to the members of the House of Commons "not to confuse their minds with the question of the Navy." When the Colonial Premiers met in conference at the Coronation, the War Office presented to them a plan for the military defence of the United Kingdom and the rest of the Empire, which was based on the theory that the Navy would be absent or defeated in the event of a powerful European enemy attempting to land a large force on British soil.

Since these things happened the expenses of the public service have gone up by leaps and bounds, and business men, accustomed to weigh evidence and to estimate the relative value of contradictory opinions, have come to the conclusion that, whether the creed of the "Blue Water" school or of the "Surrey Hills" be correct, it is extravagance to pay both Navy and Army for doing the same job.

When the lay inquirer has come thus far in the controversy between the two schools, he will perceive that the whole thing turns on the ability of the Navy to prevent a landing in force. We must, then, discover the evidence on which the Navy rests its claim to protect the Mother Country from invasion.

More than a hundred years ago, when England was fighting the world, Volunteers were raised, just as the Yeomanry were raised during the Boer War. The old Militia force stands on different ground. It was created by Alfred the Great, is a relic of our feudal system, and has lasted for a thousand years. Since Nelson won Trafalgar Englishmen have forgotten the naval facts which Admiral Togo, commanding a smaller fleet than that of the Russians, retaught the world at the commencement of the Russo-Japanese War. Japanese defences of Japanese coasts at the beginning of the war were not made by stationing an ironclad fleet off Tokio or Yokohama. They attacked the enemy where he was to be found, striking him the heaviest blow at the earliest possible moment.

If the Navy can be trusted to do its work it is evident that a large army, so long as it is resident in these shores, is not a source of strength, but of expense. What is involved in the task of landing troops on the British coasts, and what has been the history of attempted landings by the British Army? Fifteen times during the last 150 years has England landed troops on an enemy's shores. Nine of these landings were unopposed, two were feebly opposed, and in four cases only were the troops landed under a destructive fire. In the time of the Crimea, as in the French wars, the muskets did little damage at ranges exceeding 150 yards. When a Brown Bess bullet hit a man he was the only person injured; it did not pass through the bodies of half a dozen of his friends in close formation. As landings must be made in boats or on rafts, close formation is an essential feature. The modern bullet kills at two miles, and shrapnel would be deadly to soldiers attempting to disembark from boats, pontoons, or rafts.

The investigating landsman now begins to see daylight in the problem, for if the enemy is to land 40,000 men on these shores he must have three pieces of good luck—fine weather, immunity from attack while on sea, immunity from attack while attempting to land.

We must be careful not to exaggerate the difficulty of disembarkation, but if the Germans were to attempt to land an army corps of 40,000 men on the East Coast, say near Scarborough, it is inconceivable, in the first instance, that the preparations at Emden and Kiel should be unknown; secondly, that the sixty-three ships required for the transport of an army corps with its stores should not be watched, shadowed while crossing the North Sea, and attacked before they had landed their passengers.

The difficulty of disembarkation is far greater than it was a hundred years ago. The advent of steam helps the invader as much as the invader. Precision of modern weapons is also fatal to the invader. The Japanese invaded the Liaotung Peninsula because they commanded the sea, and if at any time Britain's enemy commands the sea they can starve us without landing troops. As an army corps requires 12,000 horses, 1300 vehicles, and 315 wagons, with a marine transport of 240,100 gross tonnage, and seventeen uninterrupted hours for discharging its passengers and freight, we may safely assume that if the British Navy is not competent to prevent invasion Great Britain may put up the national shutters, for the expense incurred on an army for home defence is money thrown away.

Invasion is a bogey that in the interests of taxpaying families should be laid to rest by more attention to the efficiency of the Navy and rigorous pruning of the unwelcome portion of our Army.

THE GUNS THAT FORCED STOESEL'S SURRENDER: A BATTERY OF 11-INCH MORTARS.

STEREOGRAPH BY JAMES RICALTON; COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK



TWO OF THE HOWITZERS THAT DID THE DECISIVE DAMAGE AT PORT ARTHUR.

General Stoessel admitted that it was the great Japanese siege-guns that ultimately rendered his resistance useless. Opposite the two great guns in our illustration is a slope on which was a Russian battery of six guns. Mr. Ricalton, as he stood beside the right-hand gun, had a narrow escape from a Russian 6-inch shell, which passed about five feet above his head, and struck thirty feet behind him, fortunately without bursting.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A FORBIDDEN CITY: PEKING AND ITS SACRED PRECINCT FROM A BALLOON



COAL HILL, A LEGENDARY RELIC OF THE TARTAR CONQUEST.



IN THE EXTERIOR OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY: THE FAMOUS MARBLE BRIDGE IN THE CENTRE.



THE EFFECT OF A BOXER MINE FIRED DURING THE SIEGE OF THE PEITANG CATHEDRAL.



A FAMOUS MISSION CHURCH: THE PEITANG CATHEDRAL, SHOWING WORKMEN ON THE ROOF.

The story goes that the hill in the first picture was thrown up with little pieces of coal, which the Chinese brought as tribute to the Emperor. It is really a green hill. The pavilion on the top served as a heliograph post in 1900. During the Boxer disturbances the French missionaries were besieged within the Peitang Cathedral, and resisted gallantly until they were relieved by the Allies. The Cathedral was almost totally wrecked.

KUROPATKIN'S LIFE IN THE FIELD: THE GENERAL'S MANCHURIAN HEADQUARTERS.

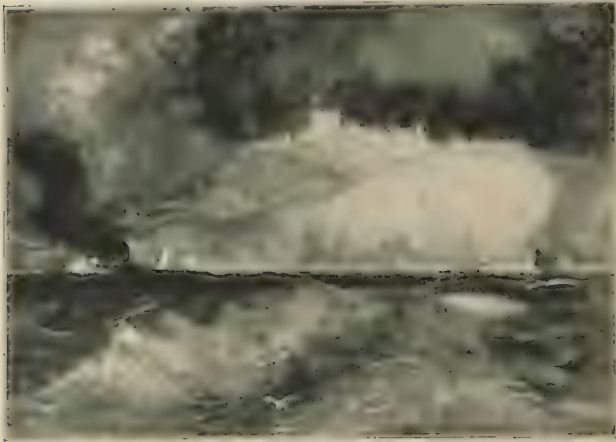
DRAWN BY H. W. KOSKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE 1ST MANCHURIAN ARMY.



NEWS FROM THE FIRING LINE: THE ARRIVAL OF A DISPATCH FOR GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

MR. JULIUS PRICE writes: "The General and the Staff-Major are housed in a picturesque, and in the brilliant sunlight it looks very homelike and peaceful; in fact, on the day I was there, had a very good dinner, and the General, who is a very good fellow, and at a distance the Chinese cottages look quite a comfortable place."

THE APPOINTMENT OF A ROYAL WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS: THE HISTORIC SOUTH COAST TOWNS.



DOVER.



HYTHE.



THE WARDEN'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE: WALMER CASTLE.—[DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.]



RYE.



ROMNEY MARSH, NEAR HYTHE.



SANDWICH FLATS.



EAST HILL AND THE FISHING TOWN, HASTINGS.

The five ports—hence the name Cinque Ports—Hastings, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich, were originally incorporated to provide the defence of the South Coast of England. To these were afterwards added Winchelsea and Rye. Among the Prince of Wales's predecessors in office are King Edward I., Richard III., Henry VIII., James II., Pitt, Wellington, Palmerston, Salisbury, and Lord Curzon. With the Prince's appointment Walmer Castle ceases to be the Warden's official residence, and becomes a show place open to the public. Six of our illustrations are from pictures by William Hole, reproduced by permission of Messrs. Blackwood from "The Cinque Ports," by Ford Madox Hueffer.



RIDING DOWN WARSAW STRIKERS: HUSSARS CHARGING THE CROWD AFTER THE PILLAGE OF A BOOT-SHOP.

DRAYN IN G. L. S. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

On January 20, at about half-past eleven in the morning, a band of Warsaw strikers began to pillage the boot-shop belonging to the "Société Anonyme de St. Anonyme," which was protected by a patrol of hussars. Note on the shutter of the adjoining shop a holy picture intended to protect it from pillage.



LONDON'S MOTOR SALON: THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

The popularity of the motor has been abundantly proved by the huge crowds that have, during the past week, thronged the gangways at Olympia, where the largest motor exhibition ever held in this country was opened on February 10. The whole of the hall and also the vast stage were filled to overflowing with every variety of self-propelled vehicles, suitable to the purse of everyone, from the millionaire to the man of very moderate means.

A GREAT EVENT IN DOG-LAND: CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWEN.



"ADMIRAL"
1ST & CHAMPION DOG.



THE QUEEN'S DOGS.
"SANDRINGHAM MOSCOW"
1ST PRIZE DOGS.



"WARD"
"ON KING MARS"
CHAMPION DOGS



CHAMPION & BEST DOG IN SHOW



M^{RS} C. W. KING'S OLD ENGLISH SHEP.
"KING EDWARD"
1ST & CHAMPION DOG



"COI"
"STRAWBERRY KING"
1ST & CHAMPION DOGS



M^{RS} J. J. HOLGATE'S ENGLISH SET
"DEODORA PRINCE"
1ST & CHAMPION DOGS



M^{RS} BENNETT EDWARDS'S FOX TERRIER
CHAMPION DONCASTER DAUPHINE
1ST & CHAMPION BITCH



M^{RS} M. WOOLLAND'S FIELD SPANIEL
"BRIDFORD JAPPY"
1ST & SPECIAL BITCHES

A VICTIM OF RUSSIAN CRUELTY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A PRINCESS OF THE HOUSE OF TARAKANOFF.



DONE TO DEATH BY CATHERINE II.: PRINCESS TARAKANOFF DROWNED IN HER DUNGEON AT SCHLÜSSELBURG.

Princess Tarakanoff, the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth and Maximilian, was married to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who, after the death of Catherine II., was banished to Siberia. Prince Radzweid, to serve his own purposes, got her away to Russia, and was banished to Siberia, where, under the name of the Princess, she was expected, gave way to Orloff's fascinations. He went through the trial of a high treason, and was condemned to death, where he was put in prison, and kept in chains. Her ultimate destination was a dungeon in Schlüsselburg, where she went out of her mind with her despair. She was the only one who survived for his coming. During an inundation, which flooded the dungeons of Schlüsselburg, she was found by the Duke. When the Duke reached the prison, he found her drowned.



THE KING'S INTEREST IN ART: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

On February 10 the King and Queen visited the Exhibition of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors at the New Gallery. The King's visit was quite private and informal, and was paid during the luncheon hour, when few people were in the gallery. The visit was all the more interesting in that it followed so recently upon his Majesty's inspection of the art treasure at Stowe House, whither the King went in connection with the choice of works to be purchased for the nation with moneys left by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The King is here represented examining the statue of Mr. George Wyndham.



SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND TONS OF COAL AT A GLANCE.



COAL IN KENT: THE SCENE OF DISCOVERY OF A RICH SEAM.

Althine: but recently but of a

The long-continued boring operations at Dover were rewarded on February 2 by the discovery of a valuable seam near the Shakespeare Cliff. Twelve tons of excellent household



ARTHUR HENRY WHITES MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO BRISTOL: THE NEW MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM, TO BE OPENED FEBRUARY 20.

lex an Art Gallery, provision for a Museum, including sections for Natural History, Industrial Art, and a room devoted entirely to the antiquities of Bristol. The Museum will be situated on the first floor.



THE LATE ADOLF MENZEL: THE PAINTER IN THE BERLIN STREETS.

Menzel, reputed the greatest German painter, died at the age of eighty-nine. A work was devoted to subjects in the life of Frederick

Sans Souci.



THE CALCUTTA MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA: A MODEL OF THE BUILDING.

The Calcutta memorial is to be erected by subscriptions from the designs of Sir William Emerson. The model has just been completed in London by a young man of twenty-two, Mr. William Salter. His model contains forty thousand parts. It will be used by the builders during the erection of the actual memorial, and is in scale one-eighth of an inch. The monument will be about two hundred and twenty feet in height, and will be built entirely of white marble. The design has recently been approved by his Majesty.

THE RETIREMENT OF THE CONCILIATOR BETWEEN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

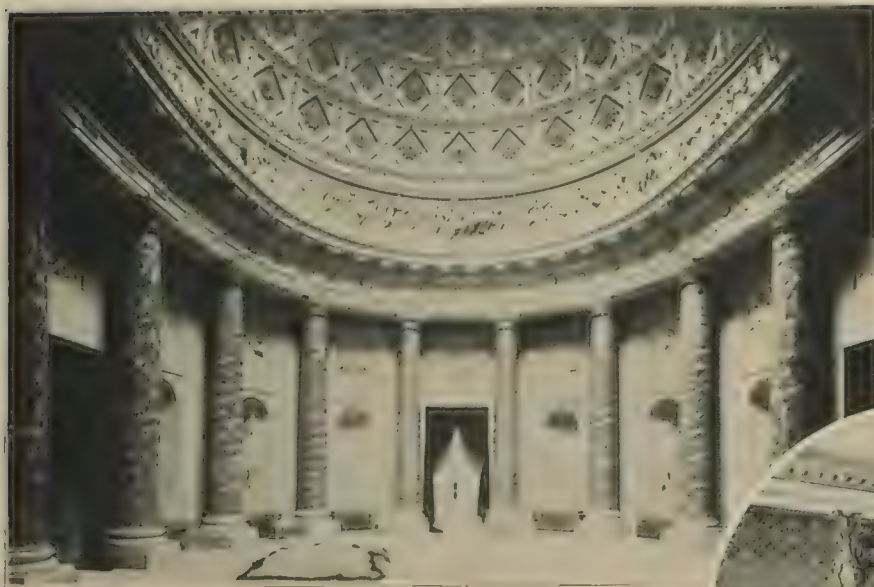


KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, WHO HAS TRANSFERRED THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT TO THE CROWN PRINCE.

On Feb. 8 King Oscar, owing, it is said, to ill-health, but perhaps owing to the difficulty between the Swedish and Norwegian Consular services, retired to his son, the Crown Prince, until further notice. The Regent is one of the most cultivated and accomplished Princes in the world, and enjoys a high reputation. King Oscar is also a man of great cultivation and ability.

THE KING AND THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO STOWE HOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VALLEY, FOCKINGHAM.



THE MARBLE SALOON.



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE
STATE
BEDSTEAD.

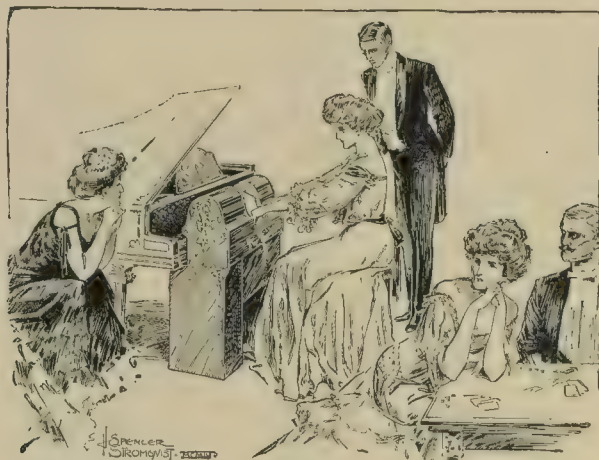


THE MUSEUM.



OBJECTS OF ROYAL INTEREST: ELEPHANT TRAPPINGS AND UMBRELLA IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.

Probably with a view to purchasing works of art for the national collections with moneys bequeathed by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the King lately paid a visit to Lady Kinloss's Buckinghamshire residence, Stowe House, which is particularly rich in art treasures. The collection at Stowe includes a splendid armour, a library of twenty thousand volumes, and many valuable portraits by Rubens, Van dyck, Lely, Kneller, Gainsborough, and other masters.



... THE ...

METROSTYLE

PIANOLA.

OF all piano-players the Metrostyle Pianola is the only one that provides the interpretations of many of the most famous pianists and composers of to-day. Brains applied to mechanism have usurped the place of merely skilful fingers. Technique is certainly an essential, but even the most brilliant key-striking is meaningless unless the performer appreciates the purpose of the music, the intention of the composer, and imparts it to his playing. As the Metrostyle Pianola makes it possible for anyone to play numerous compositions in the way they have been rendered by leading contemporary musicians, difficulties of interpretation no longer exist. Metrostyle Pianola music-rolls, marked by authorities such as Harold Bauer and Maurice Moszkowski, provide the means whereby anyone can render the best music in the most artistic way. This, too, without affecting or limiting in the slightest degree the performer's individual control.

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Catalogue H will be sent on application.

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**Delicious,
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Black and White says: "Cadbury's is a pure and nutritious food-beverage, which for years has been first favourite with the public."

Country Life says: "In spite of many rivals, it daily gains ground and increases its hold on public favour."

The Lady says: "It nobly maintains the reputation of this old-established firm."

REDUCED PRICES.

The Gentlewoman says: "The alteration in price of the old packet to 3d., and of the 1-lb. tin to 1s. 6d. is all the more pleasing when we can be assured that there will be no alteration whatever in the quality of the cocoa, and that the standard of purity for which Messrs. Cadbury's are famous will still be maintained."

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 Therefore BEST**

A £1,000,000 GUSH OF WATER: DIFFICULTIES OF CONSTRUCTING THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.



PUSHING FORWARD THE WORKINGS: THE DRILLS IN ACTION.



IN A GUSH OF WATER.



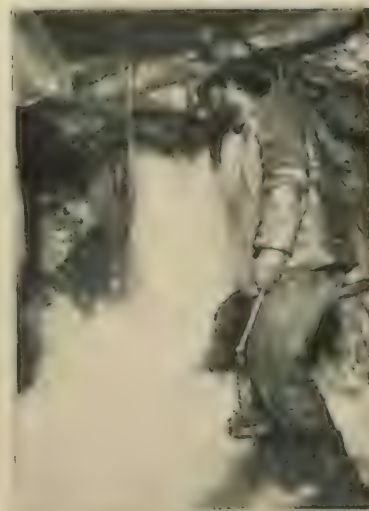
WORKING IN A CAVE.



A CATARACT IN AN ADVANCED WORK.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MACHINE-SHOPS.



CHECKED BY A HOT CASCADE.



A HEAVY IRRUPTION OF WATER.



FLOOD SWAMPING THE HYDRAULIC DRILLS.



A SPRAY BATH FOR THE WORKMEN.

The Simplon Tunnel is the longest in the world, being 21,576 yards, or rather over 12½ miles. It runs from Biigue in Switzerland to Iselle in Italy. The section is egg-shaped. The up and down tracks are in separate tunnels, and halfway through each track is doubled to permit trains to pass. It runs almost absolutely straight. The cost has been £3,140,000. Only sixty-five yards of rock remain to be cut. The work has occupied 6½ years, and has continually been interrupted by the breaking in of hot springs, some discharging 750 gallons per minute. This trouble raised the estimate from £2,800,000 to £3,140,000.



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in Childland . . .

Huntley & Palmers "Nursery Rhymes"

The Biscuits for Children.

A unique idea in biscuit making. Every biscuit bears a beautifully modelled picture from well-known Nursery Rhymes. Only Sixpence per pound.

Delightfully flavoured, not too sweet, and of guaranteed wholesomeness. ¶ You

can get them at your Grocers,

Ask to-day.

LADIES' PAGES.

The opening of Parliament always brings a good many people to town, and makes the "little season" begin its course. A number of dinners and small evenings are announced for the next week or two, and the Courts will increase the arrivals in town. The King and Queen are almost relieved of anxiety about Princess Victoria, and hope that her health may hereafter be better than it has been for years. Their Majesties were naturally interested in the marriage of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Lord Pembroke was specially sent over to represent them at the ceremony. It is interesting to recall the fact that the Lord Pembroke of Charles the First's time was one of three Lords chosen to go over to France to negotiate the treaty which closed our wars with France. "Queen Henrietta Maria," but whom the Lady Pembroke of her own day calls in her Memoirs simply "Queen Mary." The King has a profound acquaintance with the French language, and speaks it with fluency and ease. His association was in his mind when he chose Lord Pembroke to attend the recent royal wedding. There were some persons in Court who were not with the wedding at Hesse. The ladies each was furnished with the name of the bride, but the names were kept in the wardrobe, and were not given out until Queen Victoria had seen the bride. As the bride was the daughter of the father of the present Grand Duke; and the altar cloth used was made from the white satin wedding dress of the Grand Duke of 1793. As the Duke of Hesse who died a few days after the marriage was the son-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, the bride was a Russian Princess. As the bride was the daughter of the father of the present Grand Duke, I hear, and not depressed by this use of relics of the past.

Will that highly important body, the Cambridge Union (the chief debating society among the men students of the University), think me too frivolous I compare their serious debates and important divisions to a straw? I hope they will not consider that it is undervaluing their importance if I say that a hopeful straw, to show that the wind is blowing in the direction that the friends of the higher education of women would have it do, is supplied by a debate a week or two ago at the Union. When the question of giving the women students at the University the same rights that they are allowed to prove their fitness to receive by examination, but yet are refused, was



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

Accordion-pleated soft white silk is the leading material used in the construction of this graceful garment. It is finished with ends of spotted net edged with lace, and lace decorates the skirt. The design is as practical as it is artistic.

last before the Union, which was seven years ago, it was a practically imminent matter. There was to be a vote taken on it of the members of the University, who, as it proved, by a large majority determined to maintain the present anomaly of allowing the women to pass the exams, but still refusing them the degree. On that occasion the then undergraduates in the Union discussed the question, and voted against allowing their sister students to receive their degrees by an overwhelming majority—no fewer than 1083 against to 138 in favour. The life of an undergrad is, of course, much less than seven years, so that the composition of the Union is now changed; and the other day the same matter was brought forward by the students of the year retiring President, Mr. Wood; and from the present body of men students he obtained a majority of ten in favour of giving women the degrees that they have shown that they merit. Welcome the omen!

Mrs. Close, whose letters to the leading daily papers in the *emigration of pauper children to Canada* by the Guardians have aroused much attention, produced an excellent impression at the meeting which the Lord Mayor called at the Mansion House to allow her to expound her views. She spoke, as Lady orders generally do, in a plain and straightforward manner, but with a firmness and confidence that were most refreshing and convincing. Her plan is to select a number of the most promising and able children, to send them to Canada, and obtain the opinions of leading men and women there, and was able to state that sympathy and assistance in the shape of free grants of land were forthcoming in the colony. Her plan, perhaps, that children were to be taken from the streets, and sent to the colonies, and that the children should be emigrated to Canada from about the age of three; there farms would be provided to receive them, under the care of women to act as mothers, and of men to train the children as they grew old enough in useful labour. The boys would be trained in outdoor work, and the girls in domestic duties and dairying, while the children would attend the ordinary public schools under the Canadian Government. Mrs. Close claims that this plan would both give the youngest a more healthy and happy upbringing, and start them in life with better

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shown, simply as a matter of courtesy, and not necessarily with a view to business."

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Mirror
Really
Says About
Your Complexion*



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MAC: No "GREER'S"? Then I'll just tak' a glass of cauld water!

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GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES

ARE FOR YOU

COUGHS and Colds, with their attendant Bronchial and Vocal troubles, are more than ever prevalent in this changeable weather.

There is health in the Pine and GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES bring it directly home to you.

These Pastilles contain a medicated distillation of the health-giving properties of the Norwegian Pine, and are at once a pleasant and efficacious remedy.

Of all Chemists. Price 1/11 per tube of 22.

prospects than they would have at home, and at the same time would much reduce the drain that this class of children make on the rate. The Lord Mayor, however, declined to have another meeting to discuss the subject.

The Lord Mayor moving, and the meeting adjourned. The interest that Mrs. Close's original and philanthropic scheme aroused was so keen that the Lord Mayor then and there consented to have another meeting to discuss the subject. On March 2, when the guardians specially are to have an opportunity of giving their collective views on the project. It is gratifying, at any rate, to know that many women occupy themselves with such questions for the public welfare. There are now about one thousand women filling the post of Guardian of the Poor, and many attending to such questions as this one.

Spring models in millinery, as usual, show most early signs of the arbiters of coming fashions. They are, of course, for of course, to a great extent, those who design and make our garments are so, but not entirely, as the shopkeepers know to their cost: sometimes ladies will have none of a fashion that has been elaborately prepared for and urged on us in every way through trade channels. Hats and bonnets, therefore, to some extent depend on the style of the future in favour, and vice versa. All the same, the end of the modes is settled by deliberate intention on the part of those whose business it is to sell us new things, whether we want them or not; and a primitive detail of this scheme is obviously to change completely the outline and appearance of costume, so that we are contentedly, or unremarked and undetected in our crime, continue to wear this year any of our last year's garments. For some three seasons past there has been comparatively little change in fashions. For what? Chiefly because there was so large a stock to be disposed of from each preceding season left on hand. The Coronation year was provided for on an immense scale, and the anticipated sales did not occur. The result was that the pretty things had to be slowly worked off: and this has been the case.



A SMART COAT AND SKIRT.

slightly and in easily accommodated details. This year there is every sign of considerable change. The frocks, as I have previously observed, will be more tight-fitting; shaped skirts that closely outlined the top of the figure below the waist will be out of date, for fulness will reign in folds or pleats or gathers; flounces will be less fashionable than long graceful lines. All this is by way of what George Eliot called "the most gratuitous form of error, prophecy." But the new hats and toques are already appearing; and if English taste does not find the change too startling, there will be a complete alteration in fashion in this direction in the coming season.

After our long course of flat-sitting, low-trimmed millinery, the inevitable reaction is to higher trimmings and shapes that coquettishly curvet above the outline of the head. The Paris models are thrown up sharply, in many cases, from the back; a cache-peigne covered with flowers or bows of ribbon flings the top of the hat upwards, so that it is visible almost like a precipice from the front. Others, again, take an equally abrupt inclination from the left side of the head to tip over the right ear. It is not a slight change from the flat-sitting and low-trimmed hat of last year, but an exaggeration of "tippiness," or of height at one part. Large ostrich feathers curved over the top of the hats fall down at their points on to the back hair. Upstanding ears of tulle or ribbon, and feathers rampant, are sometimes added or substituted. There are naturally alternative styles. These are chiefly of the round variety. The turban or pill-box outline is the indication; but the former is often deviated from its original notion by being provided with a cache-peigne to tip it on one side, or has the brim curved in and out to break the stiffness of the lines. Some of these round shapes are quite tiny, and sit in the centre of the head, with the hair puffed out on either side and pinned up against the toque with long pins, pearl-headed, or having other ornamental tops that suit the hat's trimmings.

FILOMENA.

The new sets of pictorial postcards issued by the London and North-Western Railway Company, and numbered from 15 to 28 inclusive, are now ready. Many of these are of exceptional interest, and the whole twenty-eight sets show practically every phase of railway working, past and present. It is satisfactory to note that the designing and printing are done in England by a new carbotype process, which gives the very best results.

ARGYLL MOTOR CARS



A Motor Expert's Opinion
OF THE
ARGYLL
Motor Cars.

HENRY NORMAN, Esq., M.P.
who has made Motor Cars a special study, and is one of our best judges.

**SILENT IN RUNNING.
EASY TO CONTROL.
ELEGANT IN APPEARANCE.**

"The World's Work" for February, says:—
The Argyll does "credit to British Workmanship, being constructed with both knowledge and conscience"; and speaks of its body: "of graceful shape and great strength."

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DON'T let steam and suds be your husband's welcome on wash-day.

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Sunlight Soap

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Sunlight Soap is pure, and is made at a model factory in the model village of Port Sunlight.

IT IS NO DEARER THAN COMMON SOAPS.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

MUSIC.

Steinbach has excited the curiosity and, in the musical London, I to associate some of the

by way of a half-close on the dominant into the final presto, the master of fugue declares himself again, in passages where the interest of the phrase is limited, and our admiration of the treatment must partake of the quality of reverence.

Alexander
Symphony, for the Russian master



YOKOHAMA EN FÊTE FOR THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR: STREET DECORATIONS.

From Karl Irm.

is a man with whom the century must reckon. His is a very direct one, made with a simplicity that conceals much profound cleverness and an unceasing flow of melody. The final movement, most strenuous and involved of all, is less sure in its appeal, though equally intense in its conviction; but considered as a whole the symphony is a notable work. Herr Becker demonstrated his complete mastery over the Haydn concerto for 'cello and orchestra; his cadenzas called for an applause that could not always wait upon the movement.

subsequent occasion Hall has not been accompanied which recalls Mr. Sankey's well-remembered harmonium.

"General" Booth leaves for Australia and New Zealand on March 2. He will visit Jerusalem on his disembarking at Port Said, and taking from there a steamer for Joppa. "General" Booth is to accompany him for the earlier part of the journey, but will return to London from Port Said. The "General" is expected back in London early in August.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Sheffield has accepted the Vicarage of St. Mark's in that city. Up to the present time he has been Vicar of Doncaster, but it is the wish of the Archbishop of York that he should reside in Sheffield. The news that Dr. Quirk is to go to general satisfaction.

Churchmen, as he will be able to identify himself more closely with the rapidly growing religious movements of the city. The estimate of the population of is 432,040.

Bishop Ingham, of the Church Society, was one of the at the opening of the London Missionary Society's House near Ludgate Circus. He dwelt on the harmonious co-operation which exists between the two great in the Indian

while the sister institution keeps to the northern and western part of the State. As Bishop Ingham said, "There is room for all and the wisest principle of which Abraham will go to

the French Government's

ings by the Rev. C. Jukes, formerly a missionary in that country. He said that with certain restrictions, which apply to Roman Catholics as well as to Protestants, the work of missions is allowed to go on with

Lord Kinnaird has been one of the most regular attenders at Dr. Torrey's Mission. Not content with presiding at the opening meeting, he was present on the following night and on several

Do not be deceived any longer by imitations!

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The only firm that holds the original recipe for Harvey's Sauce—that has held it for one hundred years—is **E. Lazenby & Son, Ltd.**

The only sauce in the market which is Harvey's Sauce, and not an imitation, bears the signature of **Elizabeth Lazenby.**

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IF IT DOESN'T
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Viz., Lazenby's Sauce.

IN RED INK,
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HARVEY'S SAUCE
AT ALL.

LAZENBY'S SAUCE

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S.

A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
 Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
 Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
 Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
 Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
 Invigorating in Hot Climates.
 Restores the Colour to Carpets.
 Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
 Softens Hard Water.

So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

**"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
 IN DEED"**

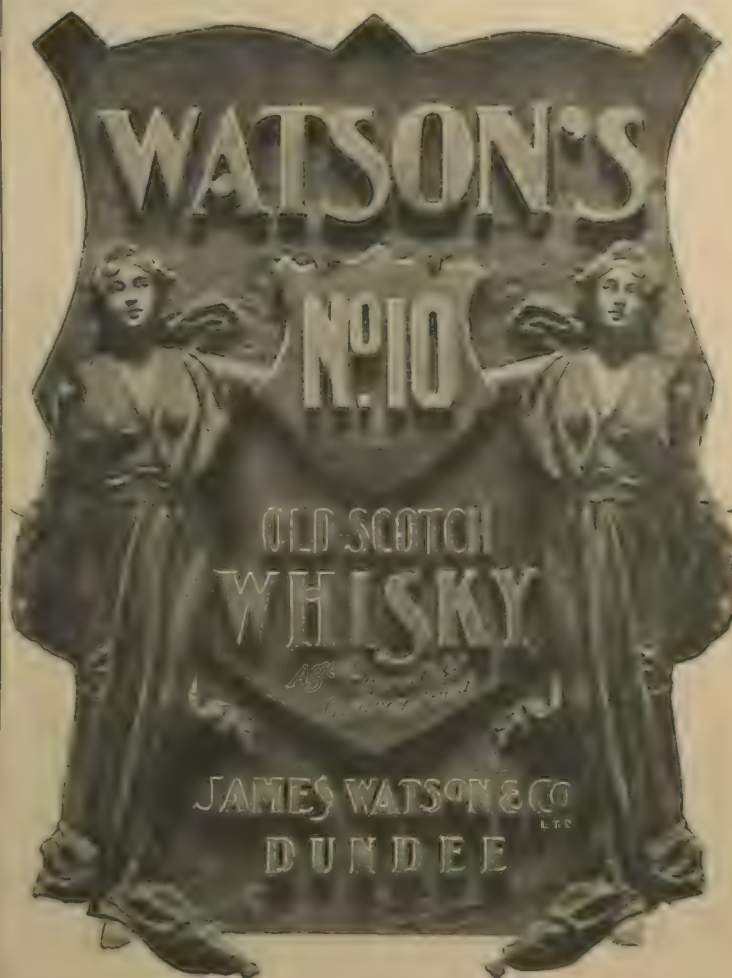
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These delicious Cigarettes
 differ entirely from
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Sold by all Good Tobacconists and Stores at Home and Abroad.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1898) of ADMIRAL SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY, R.N., of 29, Connaught Square, was proved on Dec. 21, has been proved by Montagu Frederick Ommanney, and Lionel Robert Temple Freer, the value of the estate being £20,395. The testator gives £2000 to his daughter Edith Mary Maude Ommanney, £1000 to her children, and £100 to her husband, Edward William Ommanney; the Order of the Bath, the Cross of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, the Order of the Star of the Dannebrog, and the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia; the residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Edith Mary Ommanney.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1889) of MR. VALENTINE CAMERON PRINSEP, F.R.S., of 1, Holland Park Road, Kensington, who died on Nov. 11, is as follows: "I, being in sound mind and perfect health, do hereby give



THE 10-12 H.P. TWO-CYLINDER SIDE-ENTRANCE ARGVILL CAR AT OLYMPIA. This fine car is the 1905 successor of the Hoxley Engineering Co.'s 10-12 h.p. car of last year. The price is £330.

and devise all my property of every kind unreservedly and absolutely to my dear wife Florence, trusting her implicitly to do the best and act in the justest manner towards our children, and I appoint her residuary legatee of all that may fall to me. I also desire that she shall act as sole executor of this my will, the only one extant. I have perfect confidence that she will bring up our children worthily, and give them an education to enable them to take their place in the world. I desire that they be brought up in the best sense. I desire that in any circumstances that they be brought up in their own careers, and that they be started in whatever profession their talents may seem to point to, holding the opinion that a man with nothing to do is necessarily dissatisfied and consequently unhappy. In these views I have confidence my dear wife will agree with me." The value of the property is sworn at £7288.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM HILL COOPER, of

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1d., 3d., 6d. & 1/-

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COCOA & CHOCOLATES.

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SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKINS.

Wash Baby's sensitive skin with

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It is wonderfully soothing, and protects from all infection.

THE NURSERY SOAP.

4d. a Tablet.

Wright's
Coal Tar Shaving Soap.
Sticks or Tablets, 4d. each.

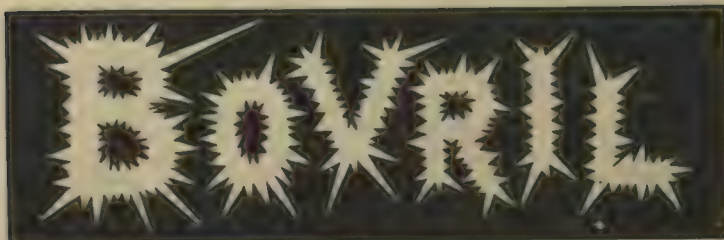
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A medicated Iron in the agreeable form of concentrated drops. Pleasant to take. Stimulates the blood to healthy action. Improves the appetite and gives tone to the life of the weak and debilitated. Has become a means of restoring strength to the system.

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BELL'S THREE NUNS TOBACCO

"Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read,
And his home is bright with a calm
delight,
Though the room be poor indeed."

Quaint, cool, fragrant
—that's "Three Nuns."
Similar, more flavour
—that's "King's Head."

Of all Tobacconists at 6d. per ounce.
The "Three Nuns" Cigarettes
retain all the charm of the pipe
tobacco, and are sold at 4s. per
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The Correct Method OF Feeding



The old idea of trying to make a young infant adapt itself to an unsuitable food is wrong. Every sensible mother knows that a farinaceous food which nourishes a child of 12 months would make a baby of one month ill. Never give a starchy food to children under five or six months of age; it is worse than useless, as young infants cannot digest starch, and the giving of such foods has much to do with the illness and malnutrition amongst young children.

The only sensible and rational plan is to give suitable foods adapted to the age and growing needs of the child's digestive organs, and this is provided by

The Allenburys' Foods.

Milk Food No. 1.

The most suitable food for Infants from birth to three months of age. So like mother's milk that it can be given alternately with the breast with perfect comfort to the child.

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For babies between the ages of three and six months. Simply No. 1 strengthened to meet the increasing wants of the baby. It also gives a needed stimulus to, and strengthens the digestive organs.

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For children of six months and upwards. The best food for developing the digestive powers of the child. It promotes the formation of firm flesh and strong bone.

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"CRAVEN."—Acknowledged throughout the world the Mixture of Merit and Purity. The favourite Tobacco since its invention in 1867.

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GLOBE POLISH is guaranteed to be non-inflammable. There is consequently no risk of fire in using it. It will neither scratch nor injure the finest metal-work, nor does it contain acids, which injure metal-work or the skin of the user.

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THE MERRYWEATHER "BRIGADE" HAND FIRE PUMP.

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Ashbourne, Derby, whose death occurred on Dec. 8, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Cooper, the widow, Lewis Rose, and Edward Hunter, the value of the estate amounting to £33,980. The testator gives £1000 per annum to his wife; £100 each to the Ashbourne Cottage Hospital, the Wesleyan Chapel in Church Street, Ashbourne, the Derby Royal Infirmary, and the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Derby; £100 each to Lewis Rose and Edward Hunter; and the income of his step-mother, Mrs. Ann Cooper, is to be made up to £100 per annum. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1885) of MRS. EMILY MAPLE, of Bedford Lodge, Haverstock Hill, who died on Dec. 29, mother of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, was proved on Dec. 2 by her daughters Mrs. Emily Taylor, Mrs. Clara Wharton, and Mrs. Annie Colman, the value of the estate being £38,268. Subject to a few small bequests the testatrix leaves all her property to her three daughters, hoping that they will give something to any person who may have been kind or attentive to her at the end of her days.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1903), with a codicil, of MR. CHARLES HARDING, of Knutsford Lodge, Edgbaston, Birmingham, retired solicitor, who died on Dec. 31, has been proved by Mrs. Ada Jane Harding, the widow, Charles Copley Harding, the son, and Frank Sims Goode, the value of the real and personal estate being £216,401. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his son-in-law Hermann Georg Fiedler; £300 each to his daughters, Ethel Mary and Emily Rebecca, and portions of £50,000 are to be held, in trust, for each of them; £1000, the furniture, etc., and £1100 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Ada Jane Harding; £2000, in trust, for Frank Sims Goode; £500 to his sister Annette; £500 to his brother William, and £500 each to his five sons; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Charles Copley Harding.

The will (dated March 18, 1903) of MR. CHARLES LIONEL WINGFIELD FITZGERALD, of Winterton Hall, Hythe, Hants, and Turlough Park, Castlebar, Mayo, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 6 by Major-General John Talbot Coke and Arthur Price, the value of the estate being £44,852. The testator gives £2000

each to his sisters Frances Geraldine Lady Glyn and Charlotte Harriot Coke; £200 each to his executors; £10,000, in trust, for Wilhelmine Erika Wanda Schmitz and Charles Ludwig Wilhelm Schmitz, the children of his wife; the use, for life, of his personal chattels and effects at Turlough Castle to Desmond Gerald Fitzgerald, junior; £200 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, but should he leave no issue, then to Desmond Gerald Fitzgerald, for life, with remainder to his eldest son.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of "Debrett," the ever useful; "The Catholic Directory," "The Science Year-Book," the handy "Hazzell's," "The Year's Art," "The Musical Directory," "The Clergy Directory," "Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities," "The Englishwoman's Year-Book," "Lloyd's Calendar," "The Royal Blue Book," "Every Man's Own Lawyer," and last, but by no means least, that admirable digest of aristocratic personalia, "Dod's Peerage."

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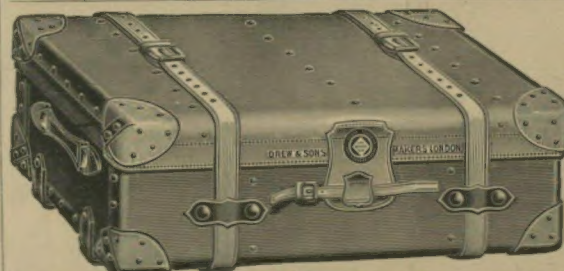
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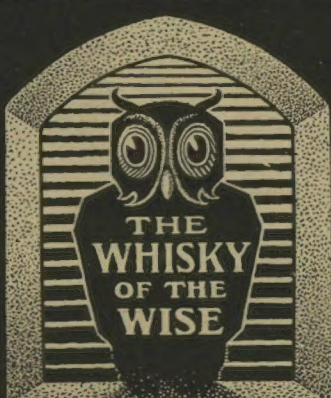
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